Horace in Homespun

and other Scots Poems

J. Logie Robertson

Hugh Haliburton

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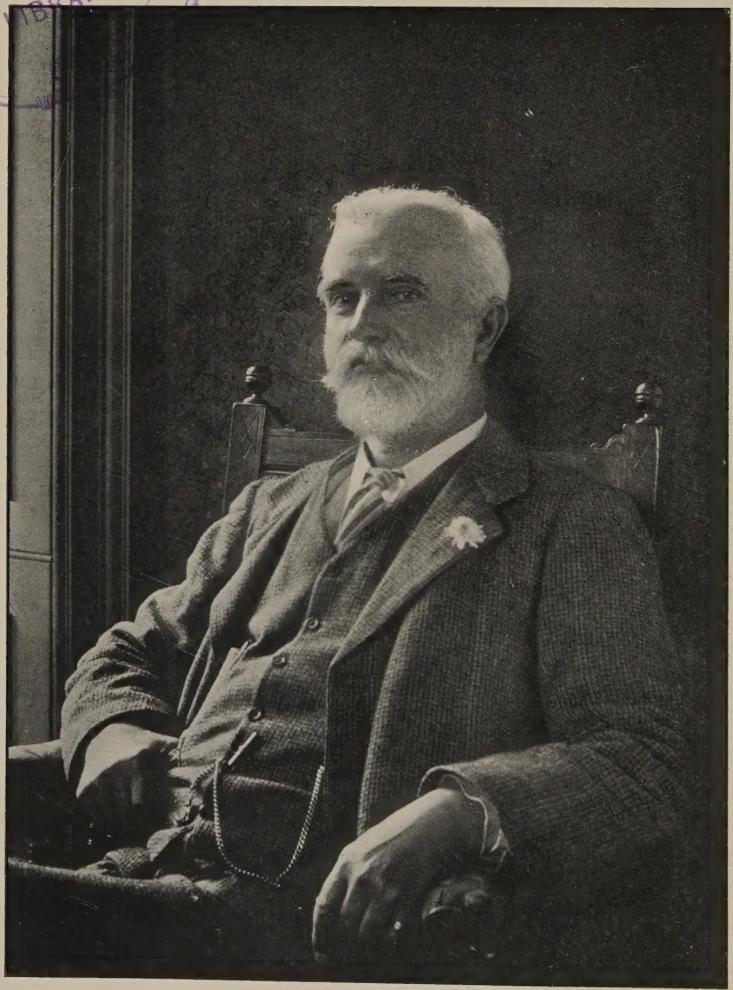

J. Logie Robertson

Memorial Volume

Horace in Homespun

And other Scots Poems

18430/821.

BY

J. LOGIE ROBERTSON

(HUGH HALIBURTON)

William Blackwood and Sons
Edinburgh and London
1925

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MEMOIR.

James Logie Robertson was born on the 18th September 1846 in the village of Milnathort, at the foot of the Ochil braes. He was the second son and child of a family of seven, inheriting from his mother a tradition of beauty and piety, and from his father an intense love of the hills and every happy creature that inhabited them. He grew up a quiet studious boy, looking with imagination on the countryside around him. At first his ideas of it were wholly Biblical: the Lomond dome was to him "the mountain of the Lord," and he thought of Lochleven as another Sea of Galilee. Historical associations with Wallace and Queen Mary came later, and must have formed a curious palimpsest in his young mind, crossed and recrossed with the theological trail of the Culdees on St Serf's Island, the Erskines at

Portmoak and Gairney Bridge, and gentle Michael Bruce at Kinnesswood; while the natural beauty of the scenery and the affectionate memories of a happy childhood combined to preserve for him a devotion to his birthplace, which found repeated expression in his poetry. The joyous holiday cry—

> "Once more, once more again
> On me, from city cares who fly,
> Lochleven, like a loving eye,
> Looks round the shoulder of the hills;
> And all life's artificial ills
> Pass from me with their pain!"

and again the inward insistence of the vision—

> "In town I walk by this lakeside,
> I fish in yonder pool;
> In streets I see o'er mountains wide
> The morning opening cool,"

alike proclaim their efficacy as an escape from the prison of town life, which was to be his future portion. But the shades of the prison-house never clouded the anticipations of this growing boy; and in old age he looked back upon his childhood with delight, and relived it in memory.

At the mature age of thirteen he became a pupil teacher in Orwell Parish School, where he was fortunate to win the regard of the master, Mr. Alexander

Millar, a man of culture and character, who continued to be a lifelong friend. For some years yet the boy's interest was shared between his books and his hillside rambles ; but at length the quiet days of study at Orwell were over, and the young pupil teacher had to remove to Edinburgh, to complete the preparation for his profession. Strenuous years at the training college followed, and a trial of teaching at Haddington, before the happy return to congenial studies and companionship at Edinburgh University. Here he made many friends, among whom may be mentioned Professors Masson and Blackie and Sir Archibald Geikie, besides countless fellow-students, notably young Ferrier, a brilliant grandson of the great Christopher North. Here also he met Robert Louis Stevenson, and contributed to his University Magazine.

Meanwhile he continued to teach boys, first in Heriot's Hospital and afterwards at George Watson's School, with a brief holiday interlude at the Nest Academy, Jedburgh, until in 1876 he found metal more attractive and a more subtle intellectual response in the higher English classes of the Ladies' College, Queen Street, a former dux of which institution he

married in 1881. For thirty-seven years Queen Street was the scene of his daily work, and all his literary output was the recreation of his leisure. His first book of *Poems* was published in 1878, and contained the *Lament for the Language* included in this volume, the tale in rhyme of *Tammas Wilson,* and the legend of *Pat-Luck.* The volume included also his first version of a Horatian ode in Scots, after the fashion of Allan Ramsay, entitled *Horace in Hoggers,* afterwards incorporated in *Horace in Homespun* under the title *Hughie's Winter Excuse for a Dram.*

Hugh Haliburton, shepherd of the Ochils, was the creation of an autumn holiday at Castle Campbell, near Dollar, in 1881. The poems with this signature appeared from week to week at one time in the *Scotsman,* and were eagerly read throughout the country. On Ochilside they were familiarly called "Hughies," and the common phrase among the farmers was "Anither Hughie oot the day!" Their author was proud to be told that, in one upland bothy, each Hughie, as it appeared in print, was cut out from the newspaper and pasted on the wall, that all who ran might read. That wall was papered with Hughies!

Our Holiday was published in 1882, and contains the first collection of *Horace in Homespun*, afterwards enlarged into a volume in 1885, and again remodelled in 1900. Other volumes of original prose and verse intervened, mostly in English; and there were articles on many subjects contributed to the *Scotsman* and other periodicals, those on old Scottish manners and customs and the earlier Scottish poets being of peculiar and permanent value. Indeed, the study of Scottish poetry and its interpretation to modern minds occupied much, if not most, of his own poetic energy. His ardent vitality illuminated the obscure chambers of the past, and glowed like a torch upon their neglected treasures. He found time to edit the poems of Allan Ramsay, Thomson, Burns, Scott, and Campbell; he presented many of Dunbar's poems in less archaic guise; and he pointed out the beauties of Fergusson's *Farmer's Ingle*, the forerunner of Burns's *Cottar's Saturday Night*, and in his estimation the more artistic masterpiece. In addition to his ordinary class-work, he was the author of a series of school-books, of which the best known is *A History of English Literature*, published in 1894.

Yet he was by no means fond of a sedentary life,

and much preferred the freedom of the country roads, roaming either with his family or such valued friends as the late Mr Bruce Peebles, Dr James L. Ewing, and Sir George Douglas, in whose conversation and correspondence he delighted. Angling was an excuse for wandering alone by many a burnside. He wrote several angling songs, but of the best I can recall only one characteristic stanza—

> "When Adam in Eden grew tired o' his life,
> Diggin' an' delvin', they gied him a wife;
> Had they gi'en him a gaud, wi' a line an' a flee,
> Common-sense wad hae keepit him aff o' the Tree;
> He wad ne'er hae gane near it ae stap o' his fit;
> He micht hae been fishing the Hiddekel yet!"

In 1913 he retired from Queen Street, full of the hope to employ his well-earned leisure in some worthy work for the benefit of the future. But the moral upheaval of the war, followed by the physical strain of failing eyesight, gradually reduced his hope of further literary service. He died on the 13th of June 1922, but in memory and influence he is still alive.

JANET LOGIE ROBERTSON.

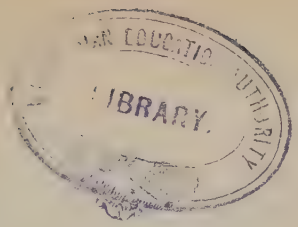
1 Braidburn Crescent,
Edinburgh, 16*th August* 1925.

FOREWORD.

MRS LOGIE ROBERTSON has laid her late husband's many admirers under a debt of gratitude by her accurate record of the main incidents of his life. A fine reserve, with which one cannot fail to sympathise, has at the same time withheld her from going further and presenting her readers with such a portrait of the man as she alone could have drawn. The character of "Hugh Haliburton" was indeed one of exceptional charm and lovableness, and, speaking as one who had the honour of being his friend throughout many years, I can vouch for his fine loyalty in friendship, his sunny and spontaneous optimism, his native simplicity of disposition, recalling that of the typical seafaring man of an older generation, and the manly courage which carried him so bravely through the

long trial of his last illness. "Hugh Haliburton" might, I think, be summed up as an eminently happy man, and one born to contribute to the happiness of others. His works, especially his poems, still speak, and, as I firmly believe, will continue to speak for themselves. But the beautiful romance of an enduring conjugal affection must remain, as it here stands, suggested by a single phrase. Yet, even so, the discerning will scarcely pass it by.

GEORGE DOUGLAS.



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HORACE IN HOMESPUN.

Hughie's Advice to Dauvit to Enjoy the Fine Weather.

"Gratia cum nymphis geminisque sororibus audet
Ducere nuda choros."
—CAR. IV. 7.

AN' noo ance mair the Lomon'
Has donn'd his mantle green,
An' we may gang a-roamin'
Thro' the fields at e'en;

An' listen to the rustlin'
O' green leaves i' the shaw,
An' hear the blackbird whistlin'
Winter weel awa'.

Sae mild's the weather, Dauvit,
That was but late sae bauld,
We gang withoot a grauvit,
Careless o' the cauld.

An' juist the ither nicht, man,
Twa barefit Mays were seen
(It maun hae been a sicht, man !)
Dancin' on the green.

It sets a body thinkin'
Hoo quick the moments fly,
Hoo fast the days gang linkin' !
Spring 'ill sune be by ;

Then Simmer wi' the roses,
Then Autumn wi' the grain ;
Then Winter comes an' closes
A' thing ance again !

An' yet, tho' short her range is,
Dame Nature's never dune ;
She just repeats the changes,
Just renews the tune.

The auld mune to her ruin
  Gangs rowin' doon the sky,
When, swith, a braw bran new ane
  Cocks her horn on high !

Alas ! when oor short mornin'
  Slides doun the slope to nicht,
There's neither tide nor turnin'
  Back to life an' licht.

We fa' as fell oor faithers
  Into the narrow hame,
An' fog forgetfu' gaithers
  Owre oor very name.

But what needs a' this grievin'
  For griefs we dinna feel ?
Let's leeve as lang's we're leevin',
  Lauch as lang's we're weel.

An' if it's gude i' gloamin'
  It's better sune than syne
To rise an' gang a-roamin'
  Noo the weather's fine.

Hughie refuses to Emigrate.

"Ibi tu calentem
Debita sparges lacrima favillam
Vatis amici."
—CAR. II. 6.

MATTHIE, nae mair! Ye'se gang your lane!
Tak' my best wishes wi' ye,
An' may guid fortune owre the main
An' snugly settled see ye!
I wuss ye weel! The kintra's lairge,
An ye're but twa wi' Mary;
Ye'll shortly hae the owner's chairge,
Nae doot, o' half a prairie.
There's ample room in sic a park
To foond a score o' nations,
An' flourish like a patriarch
Amon' your generations.

But me may Scotland's bonnie hills
  Maintain to utmost auld age,
Leadin' my flocks by quiet rills,
  An' lingerin' thro' the gold age ;
Untemptit wi' a foreign gain
  That mak's ye merely laird o't,
An' thinkin' Scotland a' min' ain,
  Tho' ownin' ne'er a yaird o't !

What hills are like the Ochil hills ?
  There's nane sae green, tho' grander ;
What rills are like the Ochil rills ?
  Nane, nane on earth that wander !
There Spring returns amon' the sleet,
  Ere Winter's tack be near thro' ;
There Spring an' Simmer fain wad meet
  To tarry a' the year thro' !

An' there in green Glendevon's shade
  A grave at last be found me,
Wi' daisies growin' at my head
  An' Devon lingerin' round me !

Nae stane disfigurement o' grief
  Wi' lang narration rise there ;
A line wad brawly serve, if brief,
  To tell the lave wha lies there.
But ony sculptur'd wecht o' stane
  Wad only overpow'r me ;
A shepherd, musin' there his lane,
  Were meeter bendin' owre me.

Hughie's Reply to the Laird's Intimation of a Visit.

"Mea nec Falernæ
Temperant vites neque Formiani
Pocula colles."
—CAR. I. 20.

DEAR laird, ye're comin' up the brae
As lang's gude weather haulds?
Ye're surely welcome to a day
Amang your ain sheep-faulds.

If caller air, an' caperin' lamb,
An' knowes o' noddin' green,
Wi' noo an' then a social dram
Or twa-haund crack atween;

The food wher'on your fathers fared,
A girdle scone an' cheese—
Ye're freely welcome to them, laird,
If thae hae power to please;

But if your craig maun hae its waucht
O' wines I canna name,—
They're no' within a shepherd's aucht :
Ye'd better bide at hame.

Hughie's Anxiety for Davy on the Seas.

"Navis, quæ tibi creditum
Debes Virgilium."
—CAR. I. 3.

Noo a' ye winds, but ane, that rair
An' revel on the deep,
Respect for ance a poet's pray'r—
Swith to your caves, an' sleep!
For Davy's sake, wha taks the tide
This mornin', be commaundit:
There's fifty folk on Devonside
That wuss him safely laundit.

An' you, wham only we excepp—
Ahint his ship, an' blaw!
An' mind oor hearts are in that ship
That carries him awa'!

We'll wauk the nicht upon oor hip
If ye should mak' commotion,
An' think the hoose is Davy's ship
An' Ochil earth the ocean !

Wha first to earth's green limits ran
An' coveted the sea—
Wha first to bigg a ship began,
A daurin' loon was he.
As seas an' surges owre him lash'd,
An' monsters wallowed roond him,
Didna his speerit shrink abash'd,
His hardihood confoond him ?

Surely the oceans were design'd
To separate the lands,
An' men in wisdom were confin'd
In kindly kindred bands.
But mankind are a restless race,
Aye seekin' new inventions,
An' warpin' a' the gifts o' grace
Clean fra their first intentions.

We gruppit steam : nae doot at first
It lookit braw an' fine ;
But mony a pat an' boiler burst
Has answer'd for't sin' syne.
We flew a draigon : an' the spark
Obeys a bairn if need is ;
But look at the mischeevous wark
That's wrocht wi' thir torpeedies.

It's lang sin' pouther was fund oot ;
But we've dune weel oorsel'—
We've raised in dynamite, I doot,
The mucklest deil in hell.
There's naething that we'll no' attemp'
If danger but commend it ;
We're mairchin' at a bonnie tramp—
But, Lordsake ! what's to end it ?

Hughie sympathises with Jocky on his well-earned Rest.

"Gaudet invisam pepulisse fossor
Ter pede terram."
—Car. III. 18.

Now Jocky's freed! The bands are broke
That tied him to the hated yoke;
Rejoicing in his freedom found,
With heavy heel he hits the ground.

In thraldom to the red earth bound,
Sweet Jocky's griefs were of the ground;
Now, bondsman with a broken chain,
He leaps upon his tyrant slain.

Leeze me on simmer!—but she brings
A heavy load of hempen strings;
She ties sweet Jocky to the wark
Fra morning dim till gloaming dark.

His haunds are hard, his banes are sair ;
Wi' but the gift o' caller air,
He plants his feet in many a soil,
He leaves in many a clod his toil.

But noo nae mair he'll drag his feet ;
The labour o' the year's complete :
Now beat the stibble-laund wi' glee,
And fling aloft with fetlock free !

On loft with rural joy he jumps,
He beats the ground with triple thumps !
The lingering vigour of his legs
He leaves upon the hated rigs !

Now heap the hearth with peats an' whins ;
And, Jocky, rest and roast your shins,—
Till Candlemas with blustering shout
Cry Jocky and his oxen out !

Hughie at the Maiden's Well.

"Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium."
—CAR. III. 13

THOU bonnie modest mountain spring,
That tinkles oot aneth a stane,
An' seems to thy ainsel' to sing—
For listener near is nane—
There's neither birk nor rowan tree
Bends owre thy brink to shelter thee,
An' but ae gowan fra the lea
Has wander'd here its lane.

I thocht nae cretur near e'en-noo,
Till, as I loutit doun to drink,
Awa' wi' flichterin' flurry flew
A lintie fra the brink.
I'm dootfu' if it *was* a bird,
Sae still it sat afore it stirr'd,
Then, swifter than I'll say the wird,
Gaed by me in a blink.

HUGHIE AT THE MAIDEN'S WELL

Was it the fairy o' the fount
  Disturbit in her maiden dream,
That, takin' fricht on my account,
    Was startled fra her hame ?
Thou lovely Thocht o' Solitude !
Nae mair will I wi' footstep rude,
An' harsh an' hasty wirds, intrude
    Upon thy haly stream.

Sae fare-thee-weel, sweet Maiden's Well !
  Baith sun and weet thy waters spare !
Thou minds me o' a maid thysel',
    Sae meek thy modest air.
Thy siller thread is hardly seen
Winding the solemn hills between,
Yet a' the way the banks o' green
    Give proof that thou art there.

Note.—The Maiden's Well lies on the edge of the old bridle-path over the hills, about two miles behind Castle Campbell. Its beauty is in itself—cool, clear, and copious; *sine floribus*, yet not without its wreath of pastoral legend.

Hughie's Waddin' Gift to his friend Jame.

"Ne quis modici transiliat munera Liberi."
—Car. I. 18.

Ye're leavin' 's Jame! nae langer noo
To rank amon' the wanters—
By way o' waddin' gift fra Hugh
Accepp thir twa decanters.
They're fill'd wi' Scotland's native juice—
An' whaur's a nobler liquor?
They'll aiblins help to heat your hoose,
An' mak' your union siccar.

Ye'll hae your joys: John Barleycorn
May wi' advantage share them!
Ye'll hae your griefs: fill up your horn—
He'll gie ye heart to bear them!

Tak' aff your dram an' crack your joke
  However Fortun' vary ;
It's only aye to water folk
  She's cauldrife an' contrairy !

Ye're puir ; but, Jamie, tak' nae thocht,—
  The maist o' folk are born till't !
Dae weel ; syne if ye're fash'd wi' ocht,
  Lift up a hielant horn till't !
We've a' oor troubles mair or less,
  But to cry oot is weak-like ;
Regairdit thro' a social gless
  The warld's nane sae bleak-like !

Yet, when ye at the board unbend
  At nae unworthy season,
Be mindfu' aye to mak' an end
  Conformable to reason.
For aince if owre the boun's they win,
  The passions quickly speak oot,
An' secrets, that are safer in,
  Are likelier then to leak oot.

Then self-indulgence, lang alloo'd,
Becomes a second nature,
To change the manner an' the mood,
An' e'en the very feature.
There's Rabbie wi' the muckle mooth
That married Meg that mantit—
He drank himsel' into a drooth,
An' noo he canna want it!

An' then there's gauger Pate—but he
'S nae waur than what his wife is;
Ye'll read it in his blecken'd ee
What *his* domestic life is.
Tak' warnin', Jamie, by their case,
An' learn fra their example,
While pleasure's in the mod'rate use,
The mod'rate use is ample.

The White Winter: Hughie dreads the Return of the Ice Age.

"Jam satis terris nivis atque diræ
Grandinis misit Pater."
—CAR. I. 2.

MAN, but it's vexin'! There's the Law
For five months noo been white wi' snaw;
An', when we lookit for a thaw,
An' lowser weather,
It's gaitherin' for anither fa',
As black as ever!

It's no' alane that fother's dear,
Yowes stervin', an' the lambin' near,
An' Winter owre the Ochils drear
Drivin' unstintit,—
But, Lordsake! what's come owre the year?
An' what's ahint it?

Wha kens but what oor aixle tree
'S been slew'd aboot, or dung ajee,
An' aff thro' space awa' we flee
In a daft orbit ?
Whilk mak's the seasons, as we see,
Be sair disturbit.

Wha kens but what we've seen the heel
O' Simmer in a last fareweel ?
Nae mair green gowany braes to speel
Wi' joyfu' crook,
Nor dip in Devon, whaur a wiel
Invites to dook !

What ance has been may be ance mair,
An' ance—as learnèd clerks declare—
This planet's fortune was to fare,
In ages auld,
Thro' regions o' the frigid air,
Past kennin' cauld.

Nae doot but this was centuries gane,
When human cretur' there was nane,
An' this auld warld, her liefu' lane,
Bowl'd thro' the nicht,
Wi' tangles hingin' fra a mune,
Her only licht.

An eldritch scene that licht display'd!
There lay the continents array'd,
Like corpses o' the lately dead,
In a cauld sheet,
Wi' icebergs sittin' at their head
An' at their feet!

What ance has been may happén twice,—
It's weel kenn'd *we* hae little ch'ice;
An' if it be the Age o' Ice
Return'd ance mair—
Faith, tak' this present for a spice,
It offers fair!

The snaw a' owre lies sax feet deep ;
Ae half oor time we're howkin' sheep ;
We haena haen a blanket sleep
Sin' the New Year ;
An' here we're at oor hin'most neep,
An' term-time near !

It's juist as bad wi' ither folk :
A shepherd's missin' wi' his flock ;
An eagle's ravagin' the Knock ;
An' nearer hame,
A dearth o' whisky's at the Crook,
An' aumries toom.

The gates are blockit up a' roun' 's,
Silent are a' the seas an' soun's,
An' at the very trons in toons
It's hoch deep lyin' :
In fac', the Winter's broken boun's,
There's nae denyin'.

It may be—for we're grown sae wice,
We're no' juist to be smoor'd like mice,—
It may be that by some device
We'll fricht the snaw,
An' gie this threaten'd Age o' Ice
The ca' awa' !

Some braw electrical machine
Amang the cluds may intervene,
Send licht an' heat, an' change the scene
The warld throughoot ;
An' burn oor skins, an' blind oor een,
Wi't a', nae doot !

Come back, come back, oor ain auld sun,
Thy auld-appointed path to run ;
An' a' the freits that were begun
To shore us ill
Shall, in the crackin' of a gun,
Flee owre the hill.

Then, as of auld, when skies are clear,
An' springin' corn begins to breer,
Those joys your shepherd's heart shall cheer
That charm'd of yore ;
An' life on Devon be as dear
As heretofore !

Hughie's Delight in the Return of Spring.

"Audire et videor pios
Errare per lucos, amœnæ
Quos et aquæ subeunt et auræ."
—CAR. III. 4.

I.

FRA whaur in fragrant wuds ye bide
Secure fra winter care,
Come, gentle Spring, to Ochilside
And Ochil valleys fair.
For sweet as ony pagan spring
Are Devon's waters clear;
And life wad be a lovely thing
Gif ye were only here.

II.

She comes! the waffin' o' her wings
Wi' music fills the air;
An' wintry thochts o' men an' things
Vex human hearts nae mair.

On Devon banks wi' me she strays,
  Her poet for the while,
And Ochil brooks and Ochil braes
  Grow classic in her smile !

Hughie's Bachelor Party.

"Da lunæ propere novæ,
Da noctis mediæ."
—CAR. III. 19.

AY, here they come, thrang warstlin' up the brae
Like sheep in single file,
No' ane o' them wi' lang'age left—they're sae
Forfoughen wi' their toil.

Tammy, ye're first—but tailors for a broose!
Willie, my man, your paw!
Ye're pechan', Pate! Weel, Watty, what's the noos?
An' Lowrie's last o' a'!

What! no a wird? Weel, stand an' tak' a breath,
An' view the scene awhile;
I weel believe it, Pate, withoot the aith—
It was that hin'most mile.

Ay, lads, ye're high—ye're up amang the groose ;
That was the muir-cock's craw !
But in ! ye're welcome to the Shepherd's hoose ;
I'm gled to see ye a'.

Draw in your chairs—na ! no' until I see
Five auld frien's plantit richt !
An' noo, afore I fesh the barley-bree,
Nae politics the nicht !

There's Watty wi' the budget in his wime—
Noo, Watty, haud your haund ;
The wise man says that a' thing has its time,
But here—ye're aff your laund.

Gude-fallowship's the fashion i' the hills,
An' fechtin' i' the toun :
If either Whig or Tory ventur'd till 's—
Man, we wad shute them doun !

Come, come ! a bargain be't. An' hoo's your hoast ?
An' what's the price o' woo ?
Has Bauby gotten owre that bairn she lost ?
But was the deacon fu' ?

That whusky duty !—but we'll lat it be ;
It mayna get oor length !
Here's to ye, Pate ! Willie—it's wat your ee !
Lad, that's the stuff for strength !

Here's a big bumper for us a' thegither !
But wha's that at the pane ?
The new mune keekin' in a kind o' swither !
'Faith, we maun gie her ane !

Ane for the nicht ; an' ane for Jock the cadger
Wha brocht the tappit hen ;
An' ane for him, too, honest man ! the gauger
Wha lost himsel' i' glen !

Nae pressin'—na ! ilk man should ken his score !
A sober gauge is six !
There's water in a stoup ahint the door
For them that want to mix.

Na, but I'm blythe—I'm daft to see ye a' !
Lowrie, produce your flute,
We maun hae music ;—first we'll take your blaw,
An' syne a sang fra Pate.

Then in a chorus sang we'll soop the heather
Till the waste places ring,
An' social coveys sleepin' soun' thegither
Break aff on startled wing.

An' let that churlish Nawbal o' a fermer,
Oor nippit neebor, hear ;
An' lovely Abigail, as I may term her,
That should be—Dauvit's dear !

O Tam, ye're happy in your love for Meg,
Ye're blest—ye're free o' blame ;
But I maun burn for what I daurna beg,—
For her I daurna name !

Note.—The reference in the 9th stanza is to the increased duty on whisky, threatened by a recent Budget.

Hughie's Winter Excuse for a Dram.

"Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte."
—CAR. I. 9.

FRA whaur ye hing, my cauldrife frien',
Your blue neb owre the lowe,
A snawy nichtcap may be seen
Upon Benarty's pow;
An' snaw upon the auld gean stump,
Wha's frostit branches hang
Oot-owre the dyke abune the pump
That's gane clean aff the fang.
The pump that half the toun's folk ser'd,
It winna gie a jaw,
An' rouch, I ken, sall be your beard
Until there comes a thaw!

Come, reenge the ribs, an' let the heat
  Doun to oor tinglin' taes ;
Clap on a gude Kinaskit peat
  An' let us see a blaze.
An' since o' water we are scant
  Fess ben the barley-bree—
A nebfu' baith we sanna want
  To wet oor whistles wi' !
Noo let the winds o' Winter blaw
  Owre Scotland's hills an' plains,
It matters nocht to us ava—
  We've simmer in oor veins !

The pooers o' Nature, wind an' snaw,
  Are far abune oor fit,
But while we scoog them, let them blaw ;
  We'll aye hae simmer yet.
An' sae wi' Fortune's blasts, my frien',—
  They'll come an' bide at will,
But we can jink ahint a screen
  An' jook their fury still.

Then happy ilka day that comes,
An' glorious ilka nicht ;
The present doesna fash oor thooms,
The future needna fricht !

The future !—man, there's joys in store,
An' joys ye little ken ;
The warld has prov'd them sweet afore,
The warld will again !
The lasses, min ! the dearest gift
An' treasure time can gie—
Here's to the love that lichts the lift
O' woman's witchin' ee !
An' vainly till that licht expire
Should storm or winter low'r—
It's sune aneuch to seek the fire
When simmer days are owre !

Note.—Kinaskit, as its inhabitants pronounce Kinnesswood, is a small village at the foot of the Lomond Hill and not far from Lochleven. In its neighbourhood is a small peat-moss, from which the surrounding villages and farm-towns used to be supplied with fuel. To the student of English literature the village of Kinnesswood has other associations—those, namely, connected with Michael Bruce.

Hughie Consoles and Counsels young Nannie in the Absence of Davie.

"Prima nocte domum claude, neque in vias
Sub cantu querulæ despice tibiæ."
—CAR. III. 7.

O DRY that tear that trickles doun
For Davie owre the sea;
The fates 'ill keep him safe an' soun',
An' that for sake o' thee.
What pleasure wad it gie the fates
To vex a heart like thine
Wha's only wish on Davie waits,
Wha's hopes roun' Davie twine?

An' dinna wrang his faithfu' heart
By dootin' if he's true;
Sweet Nannie! far owre fair thou art
For him to brak' his voo.

Sweet Nannie! there's nae fairer face,
  Nor mair bewitchin' ee,
In ony frem'd or foreign place
  For Davie's een to see!

To thee he turns, for thee he toils,
  O' thee lies doun to dream,
Or wauks the nicht to coont the miles
  Between him an' his hame.
O dinna doot that Nannie's charms
  'Ill draw him owre the main
To Nannie's fond an' faithful arms
  An' Devon's banks again.

But, Nannie, hearken in your ear—
  It's kent to ane or twa
That hielant Donal' wad draw near
  Noo Davie's far awa.
An' sweetly soonds his pipe, it's true,
  When gloamin' gaithers dim—
'Faith! Dave has mair to fear fra you
  Than you've to fear fra him!

Hughie takes his Ease in his Inn.

"Vates quid orat de patera novum
Fundens liquorem."
—CAR. I. 31.

Noo, by my croon, the sun sends doun
Uncommon drouthy weather,
But here's an inn—if it were sin
We'll spill a dram thegither!
An' while we sit an' rest oor fit,
Surveyin' man's dominion,
We'll tak' a glance at things that chance,
An' freely pass opinion.

Yon stookit grain that dots the plain—
We canna ca' a lead o't;
The herd that strays on yonder braes—
We canna claim a head o't.

It's no' in beeves an' baundit sheaves
That we can coont oor wealth, Tam ;
Yet, nane the less, there's happiness
To puir folk wi' their health, Tam.

There needs but sma' estate to ca'
Awa' the wants that fear folk ;
While mony wares bring mony cares
That never trouble puir folk.
An' for the yield o' hill or field—
It's little that we're spar'd o't,
But to the ee it's just as free
To hiz as him that's laird o't.

Gie knaves their wine—this drink be mine,
Auld Scotland's native brewin' !
O' this bereft, there's water left,
Wi' that we'll e'en be doin' !
Gie fules their braws—they've aiblins cause
To be sae finely wrappit ;
The man that's in a healthy skin,
He's brawly if he's happit.

Gie him a horse wha wants the force
To drive his ain shanks' naigie ;
What can he ken o' wud or glen,
Or mountain wild an' craigie ?
Wad Fortun' grant me what I want
I'd pray for health o' body,
A healthy mind to sang inclin'd,
An' nae dislike for toddy !

Hughie Visits a Sick Friend.

"Ibimus, ibimus,
Utcunque præcedes, supremum
Carpere iter comites parati."
—CAR. II. 17.

DAVIE, auld frien', ye've been a long time ailin',
Ye've suffer'd mony a weary week o' pain,
But dinna think, an' dinna say ye're failin';
Health an' your hopes may a' come back again.
Hoo aften hae we wuss'd, my frien', my brither,
Leadin' our flocks alang the lown hillside,
Thro' life, thro' death to wander on thegither,
Content to gang, yet weel content to bide!

Man! as I come in-ower fra the green meadow
Whaur late-born lambs are toddlin' i' the sun,
An' see ye lyin' here, a wastit shadow,
Weak as the least and latest life begun,

Without its hopes, tho' aiblins wi' a greater,
An' me sae hale an' hearty lookin' on,
Pooerless to help—it's no' in human natur'
To leave thae life-lang dreams without a groan.

Davie, it canna be ; ower muir an' mountain
Comes surgin' fra the south the tide o' Spring :
Licht to the lift, an' music to the fountain,
An' spray o' flooers a' gate its billows fling.
O' winter's snaw there's but a tate remainin',
Gowans and laverocks gladden sky an' lea,
An' maun ye, Moses-like, on this new Canaan
Cast but a glance, an' syne lie doun an' dee ?

What signifies the simmer's gowden splendour
O' days an' starry nichts to me my lane ?
What breath o' balm, what timorous touch an' tender
O' wind could comfort me, an' Davie gane ?
The year's melodious mirth on me were wastit,
In wuds an' watters hearin' but a wail ;
Fra me the cup o' joy wad pass untastit,
An' a' the sweets o' life an' livin' fail.

An' you,—whaure'er in fields abune ye dander'd,
Wha's mornin' prime endures the ages thro',
By whatna crystal wave unkent ye wander'd,
'Neth skies wi' ne'er a clud to blot their blue ;
Tho' ne'er a glint fra hope ye bude to borrow,
Secure in calm, unkennin' cauld or care,—
My mournin', like a sough o' autumn sorrow,
Wad follow ye, an' fret ye even there !

Davie, it's no' the first time we hae fand it
A joyfu' truth that Providence is kind :
Let's warstle thro' the doots whaur noo we're landit,
An' face the future still wi' even mind.
The gate o' death, by which we a' maun enter—
By it we'll meet, tho' late an' lang it be :
Peace be wi' him whaever first maun enter,
But patience is a harder weird to dree !

Hughie on War and Sport.

"Quem tu, Melpomene." &c.
—Car. iv. 3.

Wham at his birth wi' mournfu' smile
The Muse has ance regairdet,
Shall ne'er in field o' battle toil
To be with bays rewairdet.

Yet shall he haunt, a lanely ghost,
The placid battle plain—
To mourn the lives that there were lost,
The loves that there were slain.

Hoo caulder for thae stricken lives
Maun mony a hearth hae been ;
Hoo blank to mony bairns an' wives
The social hoor at e'en !

Nae hunter on the heather hills
  Bird-slaughterin' shall he be,
Nor fisher rivin' fra the gills
  O' some puir troot his flee.

Yet shall he love the dusky pools
  And speel the mountain stairs,
Unburdened wi' the murderin' tools
  O' guns an' gauds an' snares,—

O'erjoy'd to find attractions rife
  In Nature's ilka feature,
And share the brotherhood of life
  With every happy creature.

Oh, what avails a victor's name
  At close of battle clangour ?
This warld is far owre sma' for fame,
  And life owre short for anger.

Hughie's Early Memories

"Ille te mecum locus et beatæ
Postulant arces."
—CAR. II. 6.

WHEN green again, a gledsome hue,
The auld hill-taps cam' back to view,
An' cluds broke up, an' skies shone thro',
An' glorified the Ochils,—

I mind it weel, we took the braes,
We left the toun like hunted raes,
We hardly waited for oor claes,
To rin an' speel the Ochils!

We lap the burns for bud an' bell,
We scour'd for whussle-wud the dell,
And ance we happen'd on a stell,
High up amang the Ochils!

We sheuk the buss, we staned the seggs,
We scaur'd the wild-dyuck aff her eggs,
We scaur'd the heron aff his legs,
And aff the very Ochils!

When Simmer days were lang an' fine,
We cam' wi' wicker wands an' twine,
An' tint, an' thocht it heaven to tine,
The 'oors amang the Ochils!

Tho' deil a mony troots we gruppit,
Baith owre and in the linns we luppit,
And to the sark, or past it, strippit,
Secure amang the Ochils!

Oor breeks lay scatter'd on the banks,
We kirn'd the water wi' oor shanks,
An' salmon-red we play'd oor pranks,
Run deils amang the Ochils!

When Autumn sent the settled weather,
We lay amang the purple heather,
Listening the bees for 'oors thegither
Bummin' a' ower the Ochils!

We spied the lairds, a beardit lot,
Wi' cudgel-staff an' raucous throat,
Stappin' aboot, withoot the coat,
At hame amang the Ochils!

When Winter cam', an' frosts were keen,
An' snaw-ploos in the street were seen,
We saw them like a far-aff frien',—
They were anither Ochils!

What tragedy o' bird an' beass,
Destruction to the cock-laird race,
We kentna o', we could but guess,
Was happenin' i' the Ochils!

But green again, a gledsome hue,
The auld hill-taps cam' back to view,
An' the cock-lairds gat up, an' crew
Possession o' the Ochils!

A Stormy Night: Hughie hobnobbing at Home.

"Alga litus inutili
Demissa tempestas ab Euro
Sternet, aquæ nisi fallit augur."
—CAR. III. 17.

GEORGE, son of lairds that awn'd the laund,
Sin' Scotland was a nation—
And yet ye tak' a higher staund
Than that o' generation:
What tho' your pedigree ye trace
Frae maister an' frae madam?
The meanest figure wi' a face,
He bude to come fra Adam.

George, worthy son o' honest folk!
I canna rank ye high'r—
I spend this nicht at aucht o'clock
Beside my ain peat fire.

The mune, sair burden'd wi' a broch,
  Shaws nouther face nor form ;
And there's a moanin' aff the loch
  That bodes the comin' storm.

Gie Borlan' Jock, the cadger loon,
  An' poacher tho' he is,
As he gangs drookit by your toon,
  A dram for bringin' this :
An' for oorsel's—we'll play the joke
  We've play'd sae aften noo :
Drink up to me at aucht o'clock,
  And I'll drink doun to you !

Hughie in Murnins: he Laments the Loss o' his Frien' Andro.

> "Ergo Quinctilium perpetuus sopor
> Urget!"
> —CAR. I. 24.

WHAT man or minister 'ill dare
Haud oot his haund, an' cry *Forbear!*
This wild, this waefu' sorrow spare;
It's Nature's debt?
But I will band an' weepers wear
For Andro yet!

O for the wail o' Autumn wun's,
An' trees, an' seas, an' settin' suns,
An' melancholy muirlan' whuns,
An' hillside sadness!
O for the greetin' voice that runs
Thro' Nature's gladness!

So Andro's gane ! the last lang sleep
Has fa'en upon him, an' he's deep !
An' noo he doesna hear a cheep
O' a' we're talkin' ;
An' we in vain a watch wad keep
For him to wauken.

It's no' the stroke, tho' fell an' grim,
The bosom cauld, the moveless limb,
That melt an' mak oor een sae dim,
Oor heart sae sair—
But oh ! what virtues sleep wi' him
That's lyin' there !

He was sae modest an' sae true—
Truth was engraven on his broo !
Strict wi' himsel', an' slack wi' you,
An' even-mindit :
His peer, search a' the parish thro',
Ye wadna find it !

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An' noo he's gane ! he's crost the mark
Atween us an' that ocean dark,
Whereon some day oor ain frail bark
Maun sink or sail ;
But here nae mair again we'll hark
His kindly hail.

Hughie's Appraisement of the Ochils.

"Aurum irrepertum et sic melius situm,
Quum terra celat, spernere fortior
Quam cogere humanos in usus
Omne sacrum rapiente dextra."
—CAR. III. 3.

Wi' couthie farms an' faulds adorn'd,
An' hirsels without number ;
Wi' hummelt kye an' kyloes horn'd,
Red, yellow, black, and umber ;
And, abune a', wi' bannet lairds,
The cocks o' the creation—
Heaven spare their patriarchal beards,
An' speed their generation !
What hills are like the Ochil hills,
Unless it be the Lomon' ?
And whaur on earth are sweeter rills
To daunder by i' gloamin' ?

Their caller side the Allan cools,
  Their sunny side the Devon,
Wi' dusky plumms an' crystal pools,
  Reflecting hill and heaven.
Hoo sweet their waters to the ee,
  Or round the ankles playin',
Or mairried to the barley-bree,
  The fisher's thirst allayin' !
Gang freely, fishers, by their banks,
  Baith foreign loons an' locals,
An' fling your flees, an' breathe your thanks,
  That Nature made the Ochils !

Wha wadna keep this rampart free,
  That rises green amang us ?
What ither haunt or howff hae we
  When warld's cares owregang us ?
It's something to escape the stoor
  The fecht wi' fortune raises,
An' rin a laddie for an hoor
  Barefit amang the daisies.

But here—streek oot your shanks at lairge ;
There's no' a buird to stay ye ;
Nor menace o' a trespass chairge,
Nor upstart to nay-say ye.
There's no' a biggin' wi' a ruif,
But mak's ye welcome hither ;
There's no a farmer wi' a luif,
But grips ye like a brither.
There's no' a tyke that has a tail
But waves 'd aloft to greet ye ;
The very fanners and the flail
Are whirlin' mad to meet ye !

Heaven keep the Ochil rampart free,
That rises green amang us !
What better randyvoo could be,
If fate or folly dang us ?
May never tunnel pierce its hert,
Nor mill nor mine disturb it,
But Nature flourish here, and Airt
Keep in her Lowland orbit.

HUGHIE'S APPRAISEMENT OF THE OCHILS

Ae moodiewart there was that socht
To mine an' mak' a gain o't ;
Thank Heaven ! his howkin' cam' to nocht,
He'd naething but the pain o't.
But had that limmer ha'en the power—
We ken what bizz'd in he's caip !
He'd whummled the haill Ochils ower
As I would cowp a beeskep !
But what does impious Folly care
For happy habitations ?
She'd overturn a palace fair
To seize on the foundations.

Note.—For the moodiewart, see 'Scotland and Scotsmen in the Eighteenth Century.' He was Lord Tinwald, whose unforgivable sin it was to say that "if one could turn over the Ochils like a beehive, something worth while in minerals might be got."

The Dogs-Days: Hughie's Invitation to a Weaver Friend.

"Adduxere sitim tempora, Virgili!"
—CAR. IV. 12.

AN' noo the dog-days an' their ills
Come on us fra the sooth,
An' we wha live amang the hills
Are a' brunt up wi' drooth!

The kye are stan'in' i' the linns,
Or tiggin' owre the braes;
An' oor wee laddie-herd—he rins
Skeer nakit, wantin' claes!

Noo, Wull, ye auld divertin' loon,
Nae wonder nor you're thin;
I meikle fear the smoory toon
Has left ye nocht but skin!

Lay aff your apron, an' your care,
  Till a' this heat be by ;
An' come an' see hoo we folk fare
  That live by sheep an' kye.

That hide o' yours, ye willow wand !
  I'll mak' a couthie place for't ;
And bring a lemon i' your hand,
  We'll aiblins find a use for't.

There's folk that ca' a dram a crime—
  Their virtue's cheap, I'm thinkin' ;
At least it's pleasant, and the time
  Seems to invite to drinkin' !

Hughie's Dedication.

"Vester, Camenæ, vester in arduos
Tollor Sabinos."
—CAR. III. 4.

WHETHER alang the tawny bent
Diffused in simmer time,
Or like a mountain torrent pent
In city stane an' lime,—
While fickle seasons tak' the gate
Owre passive wud an' lea,
My lease o' life I dedicate,
Sweet Poesy, to thee.

Noo weirdless Winter wi' his waste
Shall trouble me nae mair,
Nor joys that to destruction haste
Oppress my soul wi' care.

For wild amang the roarin' floods,
  Yet sweet, I hear thee sing,
And in the cleavin' o' the cluds
  I see thy soarin' wing.

Sweet Poesy ! with thee to range
  Owre field and forest free,
An' fearless aye o' earthly change,
  Were happiness to me !
An' when at last wi' kindly gloom
  The gloamin' comes, to ken
That death is ither than a doom
  Unto the sons o' men !

Hughie's Advice to auld Tammy to tak' the Use o' his Savings.

"Linquenda tellus et domus."
—CAR. II. 14.

YE'RE agein', Tammy, agein' fast,
The season o' your strength is past ;
Ye're white but whaur ye're bauld ;
The footmarks o' the craw are seen
Aboot the corners o' your een—
Ye're auld, my frien', ye're auld !
There's some that on life's mornin' road
Fall in their glorious strength,
An' some, like you, that bear the load
O' life the weary length ;
But hame still, the same still,
We've a' to find oor way ;
What maitter tho' later
Or earlier in the day ?

Tammy, ye've lived to be a laird,
Ye awn a stane house, an' a yaird
  Wi' fruit-trees on your wa';
Ye keep a powny, an' ye've kye,
Ye've siller i' the bank forbye—
  Ye'll need to leave it a'!
What need ye, then, to strive an' strain,
  An' fret your saul wi' care,
To gaither gear an' treasure gain
  A' for a spendthrift heir?
    He's waitin', like Satan,
      But if he ance win in,
    He'll dance throu't, an' prance throu't,
      An' scatter't a' like sin!

Hughie driven in by a Tempest: he Defies the Elements from behind a Jorum.

"Rapiamus, amici,
Occasionem de die, dumque virent genua."
—Car. v. 13.

An angry tempest, roarin' lood,
Is broken lowse an' ragin' free;
The knock-wud groans wi' anguish boo'd,
An' rocks an' writhes the moanin' sea.
See whaur in whirlin' shooers they flee,
The sprays o' ocean, owre the main!
See whaur the leaves o' buss an' tree
Gang streamin', streamin' owre the plain!

Let's tak' occasion fra the day
To triumph owre a thrawart fate,
An', ere auld age forbid we may,
Assert oor independent state.

The wun's that at the wundie beat
May tame the tod an' cowe the craw ;
But we, wha rank a higher rate,
Will lauch at Winter's wildest blaw !

Bring oot the jorum ! there's a drap
That should be gurglin' i' the wime o't ;
An', while the storm flees owre oor tap,
We'll toom the cog, an' hae a time o't !
A cheerfu' quaich—an' whaur's the crime o't ?
Or maybe twa—we'll no' get fou !
Droon Daddy Care, an' mak' a rhyme o't,
An' face the warl' the morn anew !

Hughie Flatters Saunders with an Ironical Description of Himself.

"Nec, si quid olim lusit Anacreon,
Delevit ætas."
—CAR. IV. 9.

I TUNE my pipe to Doric strains
Wi' great gudewill, an' meikle pains,
Altho' my skill be like my gains—
Baith unco sma';
An' yet a something too remains
Ahint the blaw.

It's no' for a' the pipin' crew
To blaw sic strains as Robbie blew;
It's no' for ilka bard to pu'
A branch sae green
As cleeds wi' laurel Robbie's broo
Doun to the een.

Yet humbler menstrils hae their meed ;
There's Allan wi' his rural reed,
An' Fergusson, sae fain to lead,
Sae sune to fa',
An' Jamie Hogg, a border breed,
An' Paisley's twa.

Forbye the bards that aulder are,
Like Barbour, an' the bauld Dunbar,
An' Lyndsay—what in Fife wad daur
His name forget ?
A' haill, an' scarce a hair the waur,
An' pipin' yet !

Such recompense the Muses gie
The Makkars a' in their degree,
That neither they themsels' can dee,
Nor what they notice ;
While what they slicht, or dinna see,
Quickly forgot is.

Brave men were born before the Bruce ;
An' mony an auld heroic Hoose
Has slippit past Oblivion's sluice,
An' ne'er a wird o't !
They did braw things to little use—
We never heard o't !

An', therefore, Saunders, when ye gang,—
But late may that day be, an' lang !—
I promise ye a bur'al sang
As sune's we've tint ye,
To keep your name amon' the thrang
That comes ahint ye.

I'll tell them o' your noble heart,
An' hoo ye took the puir man's pairt,
An' garr'd a greedy rascal smairt,
A graspin' cratur' ;
I'll spread abroad wi' a' my airt
Your generous natur'.

I'll sing your noble confidence
An' trust in man ; your common-sense,
That lat ye see thro' a' pretence,
And smile to see't ;
I'll sing the virtues that gaed hence
When Saunders dee'd.

[*Per Contra.*—Rin, little postscripp, rin an' tell
That Saunders as he's drawn's a sell,
For Saunders crams into a shell
His sordid natur',
Cheats, an' distrusts, an' is himsel'
The graspin' cratur' !]

Hughie's Advice to his Brother John.

"Omnes eodem cogimur."
—Car. II. 3.

Dear Jock, ye're higher up the brae
Than me, your aulder brither—
Keep mind the higher up ye gae
The mair ye're in the weather.
I'm no' misdootin' that ye're wice,
An', for your ploo-share, speed it!
But I may better gi'e advice,
An' ye may better need it.

The higher up the brae ye speel
The farrer it's below ye,—
Tak' tent ye dinna gi'e the deil
Occasion to dounthrow ye.

HUGHIE'S ADVICE TO HIS BROTHER

Be douce an' ceevil wi' success,
For Fortune's no' to trust aye ;
Then if your head should tak' the gress,
Ye're whaur ye were at first aye.

An honest fa', wi' conscience clear,
It never brak' a bane yet ;
There's aye the honest course to steer
For a' that's come an' gane yet.
But letna lucre be your aim,
Pursued thro' thick an' thin aye ;
The honour o' an honest name,
That's what you first should win aye.

For happiness (to God be thanks !)
Is no' the gift o' Fortun' ;
Wi' place the limmer plays her pranks,
Wi' men like puppets sportin'—
Rich folk lookin' idly on
At puir folk busy dargin'—
But happiness, my brither John,
It wasna in the bargain.

The ups an' douns o' human life
  Are like a fairy revel ;
But a' the warld, an' his wife,
  Maun lie at ae great level.
An' that's a thocht for me an' you
  When Fate's awards perplex us ;
In calm eternity's wide view
  There's little that should vex us.

Fate's like the waves beneath the moon,
  An' we like vessels ridin' ;
It's up an' doon, an' up an' doon,
  An' here there's nae abidin' ;
But on the far horizon's edge,
  To which we're ever driftin',
The changes on Life's pilgrimage
  Are but a paltry shiftin'.

Hughie's Flight as an Eagle.

"Jam jam residunt cruribus asperæ."
—CAR. II. 20.

THE bards are birds, an' born to flee !
If I were ane, an' choice were free,
I'd be an Eagle ! wha but he
To rule the air !
The very sun wi' open ee
He can ootstare !

His flicht is owre the cluds ó' heaven ;
He screams abune the flashin' levin,
That sends the wee fools, terror-driven,
Hame when they see't ;
The heichest hills are thunder-riven
Aneth his feet !

Nae peer has he ; an' wha wad daur
The rushin' o' his wings in war ?
Or seek wi' impious bolt to bar
His plumag'd pride ?
Nae fear has he ; his flicht is far,
His empire wide.

Already doun my sides I feel
The feathers creepin' ! on my heel
A spur sticks oot as sharp as steel !
My wings are risin' !
I'm ready for the lift ! fareweel !
I'm aff, bird-guizin'.

Wi' ae waff o' my wings I soar
A mile abune the city's roar ;
Then round the globe, shore after shore,
Wi' pinions regal,
I flee a strang flicht wi' the core,
A brither eagle !

Homer flees first—for wha wad seek
To tak' that honour fra the Greek ?
Then Pindar wi' triumphant beak
An' bluidy talons,—
Tho', whyles, he whummles wi' a shriek
Clean aff his balance !

Then comes a lower flicht, but still
Far, far abune oor loftiest hill ;
Yon's Virgil wi' his weel-preen'd quill
Alangside Horace ;
A band o' Eaglets screamin' shrill
Comes next in chorus.

But wha is this wi' brunt ee-bree,
An' scowther'd on the wings awee ?
It's Dante : he delichts to flee
A' by himsel'.
The fire that's in his flamin' ee
He stole fra hell !

An' yonder, noo, ye may descry
Shakespeare an' Milton ridin' by,
Dimmin' the haill dome o' the sky,
Their ain dominion ;
While far within their shadow I
Streek oot my pinion.

But yet it's grand to sail the air
Altho' a mile aneth the pair,—
To flap your wings owre earthly care,
Owre kirk an' steeple,
An' see them point Lo here ! lo there
The gapin' people.

Nae mound nor monument for me !
An Eagle-poet canna dee !
But when the lightnin' flashes free,
The tempest sings,
Look up, an' in the tumult see
My soarin' wings !

Hughie Remonstrates with Davie—A Dour Critic.

"Si me lyricis vatibus inseres!"
—CAR. I. I.

MAN, Davie, had I but the art
To pierce that stane ye ca' your heart
Wi' the clear dart o' poesie,
A prooder man there wadna be.
For weel it's kent thro' a' the toun
That nane can rise that ye ca' doun;
While him that by the haund ye tak'—
He'll neither fame nor fortune lack;
His ballants—thro' the touns they'll cry them,
An' weaver bodies rin to buy them.

There's twa-three praise me, too, it's true,
But what are they when wantin' you?

There's Johnny o' the Windyknowe—
A blessin' on his auld beld pow!
Wi' kindly hail whene'er he meets me
He grips me by the haund, an' greets me.
"Shakspere!" says Johnnie, "gie's a swatch o't!
Weel dune, my bairn! ye hae the catch o't—
This dings the lave!" But that's nae test,
For aye wi' him the last's the best!

There's Geordie, too, my second cousin—
His praise is waur to me than pousin;
He kens a stirk, but for a sang
He's never richt but when he's wrang!

There's a few mair that I could name,
There's Tam the farrier, an' Jame;
But Jame's my brither, an' for Tam—
Ye'll buy his judgment wi' a dram.

Man, Davie! if ye wad but praise me,
Ye wad' as wi' a windlass raise me
Oot o' the slough o' doot I'm in,
An' set me on a road to rin!

Just cast your een abroad an' see
Hoo everybody's pleased but me ;
They've a' some hobby to amuse them,
Folk to look on an' frien's to roose them,
An' weel contentit there they ride,
An' lauch, an' let the warld slide.
An' I ana' wad hae my treasure,
An' poetry wad be my pleasure,
If ye wad only bend your ee
An' blink approval ance on me !

To be a bandsman pleases some,
To toot the horn or beat the drum ;
Even little Jock that ca's the mangle—
Saturday comes, an' the triangle,
An' then sae manfu' as he strides
An' tingles on its yetlan' sides !

An' weel ye ken that Pate Macdougal
Wad blaw his soul into a bugle ;
That thrice thro' jealousy the wife
O' Dempster kickit Dempster's fife ;

An' weel-a-wat the coonty kens
When Sandie Brand ca'd oot the brains
O' his black fiddle at the fair,
An' swore he ne'er wad fiddle mair,—
Altho' he " d——d if *he* was carin',"
Sober he sabbit like a bairn !

Ithers again for weeks are chammber'd
Glowerin' wi' hawks' een on a damberd.

Some at the gowfin' spend their leisure ;
To some the rifle-range gie's pleasure ;
Quoits or the puttin' stane has charms
For steady een an' sturdy arms.
O then to see oor noble smith
Tak' up the ball to prove his pith !
Hark hoo it whizzes thro' the air—
He's foremost by an ell or mair.

The slater, tae, we maunna slicht,—
He drave the pin clean oot o' sicht,

An' when wi' shools they howkit for 't,
Darkness cam' on, an' spoiled the sport.
Nane to this day can understand it—
They howkit, but they never fand it !

For me—gin I had but the art
To pierce that whinstane o' your heart,
An' bring the sparkle to your ee—
A happier man there wadna be !
Noo, Davie, dinna crook your mou'—
A wird o' praise is sweet fra you !

Hughie in Love with a Shrew.

"Urit grata protervitas."
—Car. I. 19.

I've nocht to wreak mysel' upon,
An' wark I dinna fancy,
Sae I'll sit doun an' hae a groan
Aboot my cruel Nancy.
She thraw'd her head when late yestreen
I telt her I was deein'—
Either she disna care a preen,
Or else she kens I'm leein'.

O Nancy, but your hert's as hard
An' cauld as kirkyaird granite;
'Deed, whyles I think the nicht ill-starr'd
That saw me brak' wi' Janet!

She's neither cuist me glance o' grace
  Nor shown me ceevil favour ;
The wooer's is a dootfu' case
  That builds on that behavour !

Nae ither lad that awns a dug,
  But Sandie, ever socht her ;
She flang a leglen at his lug,
  As weel's the nits he brocht her.
She hasna tried thir tricks on me ;
  She'd find it—no' sae chancy ;
An' that's what gars me houp to see
  My waddin'-day wi' Nancy !

Hughie's Spring Sunshine dashed wi' Shadow.

"Solvitur acris hiems gratâ vice veris et Favoni."
—CAR. I. 4.

THE winter ice is breakin' up,
The wast wind whistlin' cracks his whup,
An' noo ye hear their *Hi ! woa ! h'up !*
(Pleasant the hearin' !)
As plooman-lads wi' steady grup
Draw oot their feerin'.

An' now ere lang we'll see the flooers
Drawn fra the divots by the shooers,
An' saft winds hing the plantin' booers
Wi' leaves that rustle,
An' lav'rocks to the lift a' 'oors
Flee up, an' whistle.

SUNSHINE DASHED WI' SHADOW

It's braw an' blithesome i' the spring
To see the joy o' everything :
Dance, bairns an' bodies ! loup an' sing !
Ye dae't wi' reason ;
Whatever joyous thocht ye bring,
It comes in season.

Dance while ye can, sing while ye may,
For human life's a shortliv'd day ;
Owre sune, owre sune the gloamin' gray
Creeps cauld athort it,
An' we at rest oor limbs maun lay
Whaur late we sportit !

A Weet Hairst: Hughie condoles wi' Saundie.

"Aquosus Eurus arva radat imbribus."
—EPOD. 16.

SAUNDIE, my frien'! I ken it's sair,
I ken fu' weel your basket's bare,
Your store o' savin's toom;
I'm wae to see your waefu' looks
Oot-ower the fields o' draiglit stooks,
An' fodder, fit to soom!
Wi' markets cheap and wages dear,
Ye've been at mickle cost;
An' here's the hervest o' the year,
An' a' your labour lost!
Perplexin' an' vexin'
The ways o' Nature seem;
The haste o't, the waste o't,
It's like an evil dream!

What touch o' comfort can ye feel ?
It's sad, it's angersome atweel,
  To think that folk like you,
Wha saw'd gude seed in gude dry laund,
An' spared nae sweat o' head or haund,
  In hopes to cairry thro'—
Wha watched it fra the wee green breer
  To Autumn's stately show
O' mony a gallant gowden spear
  In serried rank an' row—
    Maun see't noo and dree't noo,
      Lie rottin' i' the rain !
    The mense o't, the sense o't,
      Nae mortal can explain !

But human reason's but a spark,
A can'le's glimmer i' the dark ;
  An' he's the wiser wicht
Wha doots his wisdom and his sense,
An' puts his trust in Providence
  Till dawns the dear daylicht.

Saundie, my frien' ! a bairn-like faith
That a'thing's for your gude
Will lead ye safe thro' life an' death,
Thro' fear o' fire an' flude.
Tho' crosses, an' losses,
Mar a' the life o' men,
They're sent till's ; their end till's
We'll aiblins ae day ken.

Hughie's Advice to Tammie to live less for the Future and more for the Present.

"Carpe diem!"
—CAR. I. 11.

GIE owre thae wild uncanny looks,
That trokin' wi' the deevil's books,
That doctorin' o' yoursel' wi' simples
(It only fills your face wi' pimples!),
An' learn to live like ither folk
Wha's trust is in their aitmeal poke!

Ye winna grow ae bit the stranger,
Ye winna live ae 'oor the langer,
For a' your deep-laid calculations,
Your cairds an' left-loof consultations,
Your herbs an' drogs, your drinks an' plaisters,
An' a' your ither unkent slaisters!

Ye'll live nae langer an' nae less
Than a' your days, ye maun confess.

But surely it's the manlier gate
To wait wi' patience on your fate—
To sup your parritch, tak' your smoke,
An' dee at last like ither folk !
This eager wish o' yours to scan
The future—will't prolong your span ?
It's far frae gude, it's doonricht bad,
Half-irreligious an' half-mad !

What better wad ye be to ken
Hoo mony years ye've yet to spen' ?
For what there's o't ye couldna strengthen't
An' owre the score ye couldna lengthen't !
Ye'd only live a life dementit,
An' dee alane an' unlamentit.

Tammy, my man ! tak' my advice,
An' follow't, an' we'll ca' ye wice :

Draw in your hopes, an' keep your fears
Commensurate wi' a mortal's years ;
Enjoy the present—crack your joke
An' tak' your dram wi' sober folk,
An' dinna grieve the passin' 'oors
By wonderin' if the future's yours !

Hughie Lectures a Vain Old Maid.

"Fis anus, et tamen
Vis formosa videri."
—Car. iv. 13.

Eh, Nance! this is a sair come-doun;
An' ye were ance sae braw,
The pridefu'est lass in a' the toon,
Coortit by ane an' a!
Ay, wumman, at oor time o' life
Thae youthfu' memories are rife—
Surely ye winna yet maintain
Your courtin' days are no by-gane?

Ye ken your raven ringlets noo
Are grizzle-grey or white,
Your een are blear'd that were sae blue
An' sparkled sae wi' spite.

Wha wad prefer your runkled chaft
To rosy Meg's, sae smooth an' saft ?
An', faith, to ca' your crackit quaver
Melodious noo is juist a haver !

But bonnie Meg can lilt fu' weel
Wi' that bit modest mou',
An', while she warbles, whaur's the chiel'
Wad lend a lug to you ?
Ye needna fash to busk yersel',
For what ye've on there's nane could tell :
Lay by your silks an' pearlins noo,
A worset goon's the liker you.

Your looks that were sae bauld an' free,
Your bloom that was sae bonnie—
Ance, an ye mind, they maister'd me ;
I was as daft as ony !
Ay ! nane but Bess cam' near ye than,—
An' this is Bess's second man,
While you—ye're never oot i' bit,
An' dressin' like a young lass yet !

Autolycus in Glendevon: Hughie falls in with Shakespeare.

"Callidum, quidquid placuit, jocoso
Condere furto."
—CAR. I. 10.

A PLAYER'S come to Devon banks,
An' doun fornenst my door he clanks,
An' draws his buskins on;
Then up he loups: the gude be near's!
The warld at my door appears,
An' Devonside stands yon'!
Here stalks a king, there slinks a freer,
An' fra behint a buss
Keeks ane wi' sly todlowrie leer—
The loon Autolycus.
Deceivin', an' weavin'
His wiles wi' ready skill,
Yet rantin', an' chantin',—
I canna wuss him ill.

I pass for honest man mysel',
Wi' truth, as far as I can tell ;
  Yet see hoo things come roun',—
Some auld forgotten taint o' blude,
Some auld forbear's contempt o' gude,
  Mak's me admire the loon.
An' I could hearken till his strain
  When hawthorn buds appear
(Gin I could ca' my lugs my ain)
  Whil' I had lugs to hear.
    But deacons, an' beacons
      O' haly reek and flame,
    Surround me, an' bound me,
      An' bid me bide at hame !

We're ower sair fash'd wi righteousness !
The warld, I'm sure, wad do wi' less
  O' that peculiar kind
That lies in visage lang an' sour,
Uncharitable heart, an' dour
  An' narrow bigot mind ;

That weaves a windin'-sheet for mirth,
That poisons bread wi' leaven,
That herds us fra the joys o' earth,
An' fain wad haud's fra heaven !
Misca's us, an' thraws us,
Hooever it seems fit :
We'll blink it, an' jink it,
An' tak' oor fling o't yet !

Hughie's Views on Soldiering.

"Nos prœlia virginum
Sectis in juvenes unguibus acrium
Cantamus."
—CAR. I. 6.

WAR'S broken oot, an' the toon's wives are skirlin',
An' Jock maun awa' to the muster at Stirlin'.

A douce lad, Jock, when he lived wi 's here,
Stappin' aboot in his plooman's gear,
An' whustlin' blithe on his native braes—
But a deevil for fechtin' in scarlet claes!

Nae doot he's braw wi' his sabretache
White gloves, steel sword, an' a stiff mustache,
An' lang-strippit breeks—faith, a strappin' chiel,
Wi' a silver spur like a star at his heel!

But I'm no' at hame in the haunts o' weir,
Wi' its gibbles strange, an' its gibberish queer,
Wi' its " limber " here, an' " echelong " there,
Its " parks " an' " parades," an' kens what mair.

I'd like very weel to descrive it a'
For the sake o' Jock, for he looks sae braw,
But I micht gang wrang in a form or a phrase,
An' earn Jock's wrath for the rest o' my days.

The soger-boys are a sicht to see,
But their style o' fechtin' 's no' for me—
Wi' their blawin' ye up, an' their ca'in' ye roun',
An' their stickin' ye dead when they get ye doun !

The only fechtin' I care aboot
Is when a Meg wi' her jo fa's oot :
She lowses upon him a tinkler jaw
An' rugs his hair ; an' he bears it a' ;
An' it's a' made up in an 'oor or twa !

Hughie thinks himself now too old for Love.

"Nocturnis ego somniis,
Jam captam teneo, jam volucrem sequor."
—CAR. IV. 1.

O HAUD awa' thae lowin' een!
I canna bide their licht;
I'm no' sae young as I hae been,
Nor near sae strong o' sicht.
I'm wearin' near twa score an' ten—
It's mair becomin' me
To think upon my latter en';
In pity, let me be!

There's Sandie wad be liker ye,
A dacent honest lad;
He's growin' like his nowte awee,
But, hoot! he's no' that bad.

He's a weel-daein' chield, an' douce,
An' wants a wife forbye ;
An' mind he has a snod bit house,
An' twa-three gude milk kye.

He'll busk ye juist as braw, nae doot,
An' cheaper than anither—
He'll hae a gude wheen claes aboot
Belangin' to his mither.
Then dinna fling awa' your smiles
(Ye'd fling whate'er cam' handy
At ony o' 's, I've noticed, whyles !)
But keep them a' for Sandie.

For me, I howp the comin' years
Are calmer than I've seen yet ;
Yet why, ah ! why will hidden tears
Unbidden fill my een yet ?
Thee still in dreams by night I view,
Thee flying o'er the plain,
Thee, cruel Peggy ! I pursue
O'er rolling seas in vain !

Hughie's Indignation at the Conduct of the Absconding Elder.

"Mala soluta navis exit alite."
—Car. v. 10.

He's aff the kintra at a spang!
He's on the sea—they've tint him!
The warst o' weather wi' him gang!
Gude weather bide ahint him!
O for a rattlin' bauld Scots blast
To follow an' owretak' him—
To screed his sails, an' break his mast,
An' grup his ship, an' shak' him.

Yet wha was less possessed wi' guile,
Or prayed wi' readier unction?
He brocht the sweetness o' a smile
To every public function.
There wasna ane had half the grace
Or graciousness o' Peter;
There wasna ane in a' the place
For the millennium meeter.

He's fairly aff, he's stown awa',
A wolf that wore a fleece, man!
He's cheated justice, jinkit law,
An' lauch'd at the policeman.
The mission fund, the parish rate,
He had the haill control o't;
The very pennies i' the plate—
He's skirtit wi' the whole o't!

It's juist a year—it's no' a year,
I'm no' a hair the belder,
Since in the Session Chaumer here
We made him rulin' elder.
An' juist a month as Feursday fell
He gat the gold repeater,
That in a speech I made mysel'
We handit owre to Peter.

A bonnie lever, capp'd an' jew'ld,
Perth never saw the mak' o't,
An' wi' his character in goold
Engraven on the back o't.

He's aff ! he's aff wi' a' the spoil,
  Baith law and justice jinkit !
O for a wind o' winds the wale
  To chase his ship an' sink it !

To lift the water like a fleece
  An' gie him sic a drookin',
Whaur on his growf he groans for grace
  But canna pray for pukin'.
Then wash'd owre seas upon a spar,
  Wi' seaweeds roun' the head o'm,
Let neither licht o' sun nor star
  Shine down upon the greed o'm !

But let a shark fra oonderneath,
  It's jaws wi hunger tichtenin',
Soom round him, shawin' izzet teeth
  At every flash o' lichtnin' !
Till in the end the angry waves
  Transport him to a distance,
To herd wi' wolves an' sterve in caves,
  An' fecht for an existence !

Hughie's Anticipation of Hogmanay Night.

"Seu tu querelas sive geris jocos,
Seu rixam, et insanos amores,
Seu facilem, pia testa, somnum."
—CAR. III. 21.

Hoo cam' this bonnie greybeard here,
Sae trimly to the time o' year,
When folk maun lay 't in, tho' it's dear?
But this, I'se wauger,
Cost but the buyin' o' the bere
An' miss'd the gauger.

It's smuggled—faith, I canna doot it!
The smell o' peat-reek hings aboot it!
But still it's whusky—to dispute it
Wad be a sin—
Sae wi' the leechence, or withoot it,
We'se tak' it in.

ANTICIPATION OF HOGMANAY NIGHT

This verra nicht it's Hogmanay—
When Hab an' Rab an' twa-three mae
Weel-geizen'd guisers up the brae
May be expeckit ;
An' they maun cake an' caulker hae,
Or they're negleckit.

An' juist as likly 's no, the folk
That brew'd, an' brocht this bonnie crock,
An' left it hingin' at my lock,
May be amon' them :
Surely a mutchkin o' the stock
'S weel wair'd upon them.

It's whusky noo ; but ere the morn
The deil kens *what* may be i' horn,
What acks and antics may be born
O' this elixir !
The humours o' John Barleycorn—
They're a queer mixtur' !

Here Willie wi' a warlike ee,
There Hab upon his bendit knee,
Dave amorous daft, an' Roger ree,
An' Patie snorin',
An' Geordie wi' his jaws ajee
A ballant roarin' !

Rab sits an' sulks,—a dour ane Rab !
Wee Johnnie gets a gift o' gab ;
Lang Sandie grows a perfeck blab
An' tooms his mind ;
While Tam, wi' aye the ither sab,
Swears he's resign'd.

I see them in their various places,
Oblivious o' their blacken'd faces ;
They sit, ae hour the ither chases,
Nor think o' risin',
Nor hoo John Barleycorn disgraces
Them an' their guisin'.

ANTICIPATION OF HOGMANAY NIGHT

At last it comes, the warnin' click
The auld clock gi'es afore it strik' ;
They warstle up, an' i' the nick
Roar oot their greetin' ;
Then Patie's wauken'd wi' a kick,
An' skells the meetin' !

Hughie upon Human Conduct.

"Memento . . . moriture Delli!"
—CAR. II. 3.

YOUNG man, wha at the gates o' life
Are bauldly pushing forward,
Forgetna in the fash o' strife
That a' your days are order'd.
There's mony a quest'on greatly vext,
An' mony a truth disputit,
But that we a' maun dee 's a text
Nae sceptic ever dootit.

There's some that groan wi' gather'd cares
Like grief-opprest Cassandras,
An' some that jig like fules at fairs
An' mock like merry-Andros.

But hoo should we comport oorsels,
  As life we journey thro' it ?
Or wha that kens will rise an' tell 's
  The wisest way to view it ?

We'll let that halesome text, as God,
  There's little doot, design'd it,
Come like a caution on the road
  To keep us even-mindit ;
To save us in oor prosperous days
  From insolent offending,
An' whisper in the midst o' waes
  That they too have an ending.

It's no' the pairt, but hoo we ack
  That judgment 'ill be past on ;
It's no' the red coat nor the black,
  It's no' what we had last on.
That, only that's deservin' praise
  That we hae dune oor best in ;
The place is but the player's claes,
  The conduct is the question.

Hughie's Invitation to a Friend in the City.

"Hic tibi copia
Manabit ad plenum benigno
Ruris honorem opulenta cornu."
—CAR. I. 17.

Noo Nature's wauken'd fra her trance,
An' sunbeams owre Lochleven glance,
An' soothlan' winds that blow fra France
Bring soothlan' weather,
An' lambs like fairy pownies prance
Amang the heather.

Noo doun the rig the sawer swings,
An' Jock ahint the harrow sings;
Noo aff his plaid the shepherd flings
An' cracks to Rover,
While a' the open upland rings
To whaup and plover

This mornin' happy man is he
That on the Ochils rangin' free
Can thro' the blue lift send his ee
Owre to the Lomon',
An' a' the pleasant prospect see
An' envy no man.

That happy man—he's no' to seek!
That happy man—ye hear him speak!
He stands upon an Ochil peak
An' looks wi' pity
On you that dwall amang the reek
Doun i' the city.

Nae doot it's there the race is run
For walth an' honours, but the fun
'S to them that win, an' tho' ye've won
Ye're apt to tine them;
The glory o' the settin' sun
'Ill far ootshine them!

Come, leave awhile the stoory toun,
The mill-horse track, the endless roun',
The jaded sicht, the jarrin' soun',
The haste an' hurry,
An' look fra pastoral summits doun
On Edinburgh.

Here a' your griefs to grund 'ill fa'
Like winter's blanket aff a wa'
When saft airs owre Damíat blaw,
An' skies are clearin'.
An' yellow whin-blumes thro' the snaw
Are blithely peerin'.

Or are ye shilpit, pale, an' sick ?
Come up the brae an' bide a week,
An' drink the pure air at the peak
That's nearest heaven,
An' get a howp in ilka cheek
O' halesome livin'.

For what's the worth o' warld's gain
Unless the joys o' health remain ?
Yet there are folk that strive, an' strain
Their strength unduly—
Wi' puir return for a' their pain,
To speak it truly.

Note.—Damíat is a conspicuous height of the Ochil range. The Lomonds are a well-known range near Lochleven

Hughie's Belief in Present Duty.

"Vina liques, et spatio brevi
Spem longam reseces."
—CAR. I. 11.

It wasna meant that mortal men
Should read the deevil's books to ken
(What they can never comprehen')
The secret o' their hinner en'.

The nobler gate o't were to spen'
The scriptural threescore years an' ten,
Or less or mair, as Heaven may sen',
In present duty to the en'.

For, let us sum up what we ken ;
The present—weel, that's oors to spen' ;
The past—that canna come agen ;
The future—that's for Heaven to len'.

Than this, we'll get nae farrer ben ;
An' sae, like reasonable men,
Let's keep oor hopes within oor ken ;
An' noo—produce the tappit hen !

Pyrrhine Bell: Hughie's old Valentine.

"Quis nunc te fruitur credulus aurea?"
—CAR. I. 5.

I.

DEAR BELL,—the name at least is dear,
The love was lost langsyne!—
Whaur won ye noo? if ane may speer;
An' wha's your valentine?
That some brisk Donald o' the braes,
Or Jockie o' the glen,—
That some ane some gate ca's ye his,
(God bless the bairn!) I ken.

II.

I'm wae for him, the witless youth,
That tak's her passin' whim;
An' yet, if I maun speak the truth,
I halflins could be him!
For wha wad guess a cruel heart
Controll'd that witchin' ee?
Or that those gleesome airs were airt?
But cuissen lads like me!

III.

That some ane some gate has her heart,
(God save the mark !) I ken ;
There never yet was handsome flirt
But had her wale o' men.
An', troth ! if truth were in her kiss,
An' true love in her smile,
She weel micht merit—what she hiz,
The livin' warld to wyle !

IV.

Puir unkent brither, whustlin' blithe
Wi' firm belief in Bell,
As lang as simmer-glances kythe,
Enjoy them for theirsel' !
An' bide the winter when it comes
As bravely as ye may !
What needs a man forecast the glooms
To tak' them ere their day ?

Hughie's Enjoyment of Summer in Glendevon.

"Per meos fines, et aprica rura
Lenis incedas, abeasque parvis
Æquus alumnis."
—Car. III. 18.

Sweet Simmer, to the pastur' come
That slopes to Devon banks,
And with thee bring the gairie's hum,
And earn a shepherd's thanks.

For Grecian plains I do not mourn,
Nor streams of Castalee;
Blink on the banks where I was born,
And that's eneu' for me.

Sweet Simmer, by oor banks abide
And blink on Devon burn;
And late depart from Devonside
With promise of return.

Then fairy fancies wing'd wi' rhyme
  Across my path shall pass,
With wild bees from the beds of thyme,
  And laverocks from the grass.

What whiter gowans wait thy smile
  On foreign buchtit braes?
What swanker shepherds?—sad the while
  Thy lingering step delays.

Here gowden blooms on hill-taps burn,
  And daisies pearl the lea,
And Devon toys in mony a turn
  From wedding with the sea.

Sweet Simmer, by oor banks abide,
  And prove to warl'y men
That, gang they far or gang they wide,
  There's peace around the pen;

That yet the golden age delays
  Of which they only dream,
Wi' shepherd folk on Ochil braes
  By Devon's gentle stream.

Hughie seeks to console a Brother Shepherd, over-grieving for the Loss of his Son.

"Non semper imbres."
—CAR. II. 9.

It's no' aye rainin' on the misty Achils,
It's no' aye white wi' winter on Nigour ;
The winds are no' sae mony sorrowin' Rachels,
That grieve, and o' their grief will no' gie owre.

Dark are Benarty slopes, an' the steep Lomon'
Flings a lang shadow on the watter plain ;
But fair Lochleven's no' for ever gloomin',
An' Devon's no' aye dark wi' Lammas rain.

The birks tho' bare, an' the sune-naked ashes,
Not always widow'd of their leaves appear ;
The oaks cry oot beneath November's lashes,
But not for all the months that mak' the year.

Comes round a time, comes round at last tho' creepin',
And green and glad again stand buss an' tree ;
E'en tender gowans, thro' the young gress peepin',
Rise in their weakness, and owre-rin the lea.

Thus Nature sorrows, and forgets her sorrow ;
And Reason soberly approves her way :
Why should we shut oor een against to-morrow
Because our sky was clouded yesterday ?

Dear Adie !—for we've lang kent ane anither,
Tendin' oor flocks upon the self-same hill,
And if I speak as brither should to brither,
Ye'll neither turn awa' nor tak' it ill,—

It's now three year since little Adie left us :
He was, to every ane that kenn'd him, dear :
Adam ! it was the will of God bereft us,
Call'd him away, and left the lave o's here.

Three years ye've sorrow'd for the little laddie ;
It clouds your broo, I hear it when ye speak ;
And thrice I've seen, when ithers sawna, Adie,
The sudden tear upon your wasted cheek.

Ye nurse your sorrow in the cheerfu' morning,
  Ye nurse it, too, at unavailing eve ;
Our rustic gatherings, with a silent scorning,
  And all our rural sports and joys ye leave.

Sorrow is sacred, but this sair insistence,
  This lang refusal to Heaven's will to boo,
Consider, Adie ; is't a wise resistance ?
  You'll go to him, he canna come to you.

And, since you go to meet him, go not sadly,
  For the short half o' life that yet remains :
You love your son—go then to meet him gladly
  On that appointed day which Heaven ordains.

Hughie at the Smiddy—A Dramatic Idyll.

"Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
Angulus ridet."
—CAR. II. 6.

PART I.

The Smithy—Evening.

SMITH. THREE PLOUGHMEN. *Enter Hugh.*

Hugh—Noo, billies, ken ye what's the steer ?
1*st Ploughman*—Dave's listed.
2*nd Ploughman*— Lowrie's on the beer.
3*rd Ploughman*—Nick's cut his throat.
Hugh— The gude be here,
An' guard an' bless us !
There's scandal for a lang loup-year—
Gie owre your guesses !

Blacksmith, ye'll mind o' Geordie Sym—
He cam' the day !

Smith— Lang Geordie ?
Hugh— Him.
Smith—I mind him weel—lang, lowse, an' slim ;
The wind could bend him.
Hugh—Ay ; but he's back in ither trim
Than ance we kenn'd him.

Smith—What's that ?
Hugh— Ou, brawny, big, an' weel ;
Beard like a buss, kite like a creel,
As roond an' soond as ony wheel
Ye ever chappit,—
A buirdly, business, wice-like chiel
As ever stappit.

Smith—An' weel pat on ?
Hugh— The best o' claith ;
Coat, breeks—the wast o' England baith ;
An' gowd—
1*st Pl.*— Noo, Hughie, tak' a breath
2*nd Pl.*— An' gie's 't in plenty !
3*rd Pl.*—Ca't thoosan's !
Hugh— Weel, I'll tak' an aith
At least it's twenty.

1st Pl.—Gude measure !
2nd Pl.— Lippin' !
3rd Pl.— To the brim !
Smith—An' wha's he this ? Lang Geordie Sym ?
This man o' size an' substance, him
That aye gaed fleein' ?
'Faith, Hughie, ye're in famous trim
The nicht for leein' !

Come, steer aboot ! wha's aucht this gear ?
What's wantit wi' the sock-neb here ?
1st Pl.—Mair laund. A chap or twa wad near
Do a' that's wantit.
Smith—Hughie, we'll no' juist ca' ye lear—
Tak' it for grantit !

Hugh—That's ceevil ! Weel, it's what I ken
That Geordie's rich amon' rich men,
Has siller baith to spare an' spen',
An' speaks forbye
O' flocks at the far warl's en',
An' droves o' kye.

His farm's a coonty, an' his sheep
The coonty boun's can hardly keep ;
He says a telescope micht sweep
His ootmost border,
But ae inch owre it couldna peep,
Tho' made to order !

An' then his sheep—
2nd Pl.— Wow ! but it's grand
To hear o' sic a sicht o' laund !
What say ye, chaps ? we'll mak' a baund,
An' owre the ocean !
1st Pl.—But hoolie ! an' let's understaund—
Whaur's this new Goshen ?

Hugh—It's on the underside i' warl'—
Smith—Ay, man ? Hoo dae they stick ?
Hugh— Daft carle !
This earth's a kind o' whirlin' barr'l,
Some up, some under ;
It's time aboot wi' ilka wharl,
An' whaur's the wonder ?

Owstralia's up when Scotland's doun,
An' that's when we're a' sleepin' soun',
But i' the nicht time we're ca'd roun',
An' i' the mornin'
We're up, an' at oor wark, to croon
The day's adornin' !

3rd Pl.—Man, Hughie, but ye've rowth o' wirds,
They carve the subjec'-theme like swirds—
Tell us what kin' o' beas' an' birds
Live thereawa'.
2nd Pl.—An' what they gie their hinds an' herds.
1st Pl.— Just oot wi't a'.

Hugh—Weel, first, they've neither craws nor doos,
But craturs they ca' cockatoos ;
An' then for beas', they've kangaroos
An' aborigins ;
The folk's a mixtur', I jaloose,
O' a' religions,

But brithers a'—there's nae pretence ;
An' then the kintra's sae immense,
Ye'll get a farm at sma' expense,
An' hoose to sleep in ;
In fac', ye juist rin oot your fence
An' ca' your sheep in.

There's nane to steer ye whaur ye sattle,
An' there they breed like Jacob's cattle,
Till to the boun's they spread an' sprattle,
Then—owre they rin
Whaur neither fence o' wire nor wattle
Can haud them in.

O then what muntin' an' what ridin'
The gressy wildernesses wide in,
To herd the flocks that winna bide in,
An' keep them clear !
There's nae sic guardin' or sic guidin'
O' cattle here.

The shepherds i' the saiddle sleep,
The plains are populous wi' sheep,
The haill horizon seems to creep,
An' far ayont it.
They haena even time to keep
The cattle coontit !

Owre a' the region, far an' near,
There's bleatin' there, an' baain' here ;
Then comes the crap-time o' the year
When packs are made up,
An' gowpenfu's o' gowden gear
Are snugly laid up.

In this way lang lowse Geordie even
Has grown a man o' means, an' thriven,
Staunds twa ell straucht, an lifts to heaven
A half-ell beard,
An' looks as life-like an' as livin'
As ony laird.

Hughie at the Smiddy.

Part II.

Smithy as before. Later evening.

Smith. Hugh. Three Ploughmen.

Outside at half-door, a Tall Stranger, *with a half-ell beard, leading a saddle-horse.*

Tall Stranger—Who owns this hole? Holloa there—
you!
Blacksmith or blackguard!
Smith— What's ado?
Hugh—It's him! it's Geordie!
Tall St.— Horse to shoe!
And look out—there's 't!
(*Quoiting in the iron.*)
Smith—Man, folk hae time to dicht their mou'
I' th' heat o' hairst!

Ca' in your naig ! (*Enter Tall Stranger.*,
Hugh— It's Maister Sym !
Noo, blacksmith, say 't !
Smith— Hughie, it's him !
'Faith, sir, ye come in ither trim
Than ance I've kent ye—
Sym—That's years ago !
Smith— —lang, lowse, an' slim !
Ay, sir, it's twenty !

Sym—Twenty ?—a hundred ! *You* don't know
How much your country clock's gone slow.
Well, Hugh ? What is't to be then ? Go ?
Or stay and sterve here ?
" Ay" means—well, look at me ! And "no,"
For ever serve here.

I leave, and soon ; and not again
To seek old Scotland o'er the main ;
My home's on yon Australian plain,
My hopes are yonder ;
Why, man, a county breadth's my ain—
What needs your wonder ?

What has old Scotland done for me ?
Hugh—At least she ga'e ye brains.
Sym— May *be !*
Hugh—An' banes ; an' bu'k.
Sym— Na—that's a lee,
The hin'most half o't !
The shank she ga'e me for a thie,
I made a staff o't !

Well, and what else ? No more, I trow,
But hip-room on a thistly knowe,
Or scartin' rocks ahint a plow,
For a rich neighbour—
Out yonder, lads, there's room to grow,
An' wealth for labour !

Take my advice—ye'll ne'er repent it ;
Your country's yonder if ye kent it ;
There's Burn-the-wind—he's near hand faintit
Ca'in' a shoe on !
At *his* age yonder—
Smith— *He's* contentit ;
Be joggin' *you* on !

There stands your naig.
Sym (*giving silver*)— And there's your pay.
So, Hughie, you elect to stay—
Well, wilful man will have his way.
Good-bye—but think on't.
(*Mounts and rides off.*)
Smith (*looking into his loof*)—A croon!
1*st Pl.*— He rides a bonnie gray.
Smith— We'se ha'e a drink on't!
(*Boy at bellows despatched with pig.*)

2*nd Pl.*—He'd gar ye troo it was a wrang
To breathe in Scotland.
3*rd Pl.* (*to Hugh*)— Will ye gang?
Hugh—I've lo'ed auld Scotland far owre lang,
Heart-thirled till her!
An' what's the gospel o' his sang
But only siller?

Na, na! that wasna in the plan,
That's no' the great chief end o' man,

It's no' get a' the gear ye can
An' syne content ye :
But lift what's lyin' to your han'—
Aneu's a plenty.

As sweet to me amang the knowes,
Whaur Devon's caller current rows,
To lead the lambs an' ca' the yowes
As to commaund them ;
As sweet to view the hechts an' howes
As if I awn'd them.

Nae fairer warl' I wuss to view,
Nae loftier path wad I pursue,
Nae trustier friends than you, an' you,
I care to hae ;
An' here I wad gang slippin' thro',
E'en as I dae.

Here as my mortal hopes expire,
And ilka earth-born dear desire

Dees oot, as dees the desert fire,
Let tranquil age
Attend me thro' the creepin' tire
O' life's last stage.

Here let the sicht o' hill an' field
The fragrance o' my youth-time yield ;
Here let me totter doun to eild,
An' find a grave here—
What ither than a gowany bield
Amang the lave here ?

Nae pomp nor passion there appear,
But winds the growin' laurel steer,
An' solitary friends draw near
At antern times
To drap a saut but silent tear
Owre Hughie's rhymes !

Hughie moralises on the Value of Life.

"Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni!"
—CAR. II. 14.

ALAS! alas! my fellow feres,
We may no more deny
The pressure of the speeding years;
Oor days are driving by.

Already on the downward track
The posting furies fare;
For virtuous life they will not slack,
For purpose will not spare.

This is the ill beneath the sun
That vexes ageing men—
Oor lease of life is half-gate run
Before of lease we ken.

We waste or ware oor strength of youth
  On idols of the ee,
Infidel of the wholesome truth
  Of our mortalitie.

Ye callants, what avails the strife
  That twyns ye o' your prime ?
The dearest gift of life is life,
  The dearest enemy time.

O ne'er can rank or wealth enhance
  The gift that ne'er was awn,
The lovely gift, the glorious chance,
  Ance offer'd, sune withdrawn !

To them that on the shaded slope
  Are faring down, like me,
With ever daily dwining hope,
  How fair it tak's the ee !

What had been oors from hour of birth
  We learn to value then ;
Sweet grow the common joys of earth,
  And dear the face of men.

Hughie on Evictions: he Lectures a Greedy Landlord.

"Non ebur neque aureum."
—Car. II. 18.

Nae pillars rise at my door-cheeks,
Nae plate adorns my door;
The sun that through my window keeks
Sees but a sanded floor.

Nae cock-laird, sick an' sweir to dee,
Bans me, his far-aff heir;
Nae auld maid sets her mutch at me—
In stockings, mony a pair.

But common-sense and a sma' cast
O' country wit are mine,
And friendly critics, east an' wast,
Cry up my rustic line.

Nae better fortune would I ken
For comfort or for pride,
Blest wi' a shepherd's but-an'-ben
High up on Ochilside.

My lease o' life is half-gate through,
And I'm contented weel
To roam about, e'en as I do,
With Rover at my heel.

Alas! the emblems of our state,
Where'er we turn, appear:
Day shouthers day ayont the gate,
And moons round aff the year.

Yet you, wha's pride disdains to sell,
Wha's greed is still to buy,
Forgetfu' o' the narrow cell
Where you maun erelang lie;

You, sir, wha spin not, nor hae cause,
Or toil—but where's the use?
Are barin' quarries, biggin' wa's,
And adding ha' to hoose.

And what is this of tyrant's grup,
And puir men's rights opposed,
Of landmarks lifted, paths ploughed up,
And commonty enclosed ?

Man, wife, an' bruckit bairns maun pack,
An' go at your command ;
Wi' kist an' bundle on their back,
They're hundit aff the land.

You spurn the cottar from his cot,
The cottage from the green ;
And where the poor man's home was not,
Your high ha' door is seen.

But there's a Ha' wha's door is sma',
To which a' backs maun boo ;
And this great Ha' that waits us a',
Awaits baith them an' you.

Hughie marks with delight the Return of Spring.

"Diffugere nives."
—CAR. IV. 7.

Noo swallow-birds begin to big,
An' primrose-flooers to blaw;
An' Jockie whistles doun the rig
A fareweel to the snaw;
An' glints o' sunshine, glancin' gleg,
Licht up the buddin' shaw;
An' westlin' winds are playin' tig
Round ae bewildered craw.

Auld Tammas to the gavle-wa'
Nails up a cherry twig;
An' Mar'an waters, raw by raw,
Her bleachin' wi' a pig;
An' yonder—he's been lang awa'—
Comes Packie owre the brig;
An' country lads may noo gang braw,
An' country lasses trig.

Hughie's Friend, the Farmer of Westerha'.

"In reducta valle mugientium
Prospectat errantes greges."
—EPOD. 2.

ABOON the braes I see him stand,
The tapmost corner o' his land,
An' scan wi' care, owre hill an' plain,
A prospect he may ca' his ain.

His yowes ayont the hillocks feed,
Weel herdit in by wakefu' Tweed,
An' canny through the loan his kye
Gang creepin' to the byre doun by.

His hayfields lie fu' smoothly shorn,
An' ripenin' rise his rigs o' corn;
A simmer's e'enin' glory fa's
Upon his homestead's sober wa's.

A stately figure there he stands,
An' rests upon his staff his hands,—
Maist like some patriarch of eld,
In sic an e'enin's calm beheld.

A farmer he of Ochilside,
For worth respeckit far an' wide ;
A friend of justice and of truth,
A favourite wi' age an' youth.

There's no' a bairn but kens him weel,
And ilka collie's at his heel ;
Nor beast nor body e'er had ocht
To wyte him wi' in deed or thocht.

Fu' mony a gloamin' may he stand
Aboon the braes to bless the land !
Fu' mony a simmer rise an' fa'
In beauty owre his couthie hâ' !

For peacefu' aye, as simmer's air,
The kindly hearts that kindle there ;
Wha's friendship, sure an' aye the same,
For me mak's Westerha' a hame.

Hughie's Letter of Invitation to the Laird, Entangled by Business or Pleasure in the Town.

"Omitte mirari beatæ
Fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ."
—CAR. III. 29.

DEAR laird, although the house be sma',
A but-an'-ben the sum o't a',
It hauds a drap o' usquebau'
As clear's a bead,
And aye, whene'er ye like to ca',
A welcome wi' 'd.

Ye're busy, laird; but what's the need?
It canna be the love o' greed;
It ne'er was in your father's creed:
Come up, an' bide,
An' see the flocks how fine they feed
On Ochilside.

Country and Town are badly pair'd,
Like Samson and Delila, laird ;
She hauds her victims by the beard,
As weel she can do 'd.
Till in the limmer's lap, I'm fear'd,
They lose their manheid.

But three mile oot, or aiblins fowre,
The vile enchantress has nae power ;
In vain her glance, in vain her glower ;
A nobler bliss
Begins to act that very hour—
The country's kiss.

Pure air wi' whin and hawthorn sweet,
Clear burns that bathe the mountain's feet,
The hills on high, the heavens complete,
The far-aff seas—
Can streets an' chimla-pats compete
Wi' charms like these ?

Tell nane, an' tak' nae fareweel grip ;
Just rise, an' gie the town the slip ;
Get in your hand your ridin' whip,
And up the brae
Try Dandy's mettle till your hip
'S as black's a slae !

Then, like a king that wears a crown,
On hills that are your ain look roun' ;
An' lead the life a' lives aboon
In God's daylicht ;
And in a shepherd's hut sleep soun'
The solid nicht !

Hughie Watches the Growth of the Grain.

"Segetis certa fides meæ."
—Car. III. 16.

The seed was sawn at Hallowmas,
Amang the wind an' weet ;
An' sad at heart the farmer was
To fling't amang his feet.
Then blew the bitter frosty wund,
The last leaf left the tree,
An' daisies to the frozen grund
Laid their wee heads to dee.
But there's a kindness owre us a' :
Heaven sent its blankets doun,
An', 'neath the covering o' thé snaw,
The seed it sleepit soun'.

An' still it sleepit, deaf an' dumb
As are the kirkyaird dead,
While Boreas threshed his battle-drum,
An' thundered overhead.

Alas ! it was the wildest bit
  O' a' the widowed year :
Save ghaistly mune, or poacher's fit,
  Nae visitor cam' near.

At last the time o' life cam' round
  Where it lay sleepin' warm,
An' timidly abune the ground
  It reached a tiny arm.
It rose ; and to the sun so free
  Stood shivering like a child,
That, naked on its mother's knee
  Looks round to one that smiled

But Winter's reign was not yet done ;
  And skies gat overcast,
And strife across the troubled sun
  In fitful tumult past.
The East sent many a withering blight,
  The North sent hail an' rain ;
Yet still it twinkled to the light,
  And, trembling, rose again.

It seemed endowed wi' many lives
To meet its many foes,
For still, from blasts that nipt like knives
Altho' it shrank, it rose.
And still it braved the Winter's blast,
An' tholed the Winter scorn ;
And April kindness kissed at last
The persevering corn !

An' now a stately stalk it rear'd
That took the farmer's ee ;
An' bore a gallant head and beard
That flourished fair to see.
An', rustling, waving, doun the rig
It sported and it sprang ;
While swallows glanced abune at tig,
An' laverocks soared an' sang.
Then golden days, an' farmers' praise,
John Barleycorn, were thine ;
And lovers' walks, and whispered talks
By moonlight, more divine !

Hughie Celebrates his Fiftieth Year.

"Festo quid potius die faciam?
Prome reconditum Cæcubum."
—Car. III. 28.

This nicht I'm fifty,—fifty, Bess!
Gang ben the hoose an' ripe the press,
An', what ye find o' whisky, fess
Soberly oot:
This nicht we'll hae a social gless
An' sang aboot.

When I was twenty I was tauld
When I was fifty I was auld:
I'm fifty oot, yet I'll be bauld
Laird o' the truth,
To swear I'm just as yap an' yauld
As e'er was youth.

At fifty, wi' a conscience clear,
The man that sits, as I do here,
Hand-haill an' neither slow to steer
Nor quick to tire,
An' wi' that spark to poets dear
O' Nature's fire,—

He's no' to maen ! He's at the stage,
The table-land o' middle age ;
Nae langer on life's pilgrimage
Grumblin' an' gropin',
But, backward, it's a pictured page,
Forward, it's open.

He's past the braes ; he's at the bit
Where ane may ware his gaithered wit,
And, though his daily burden's yet
A heavy load,
He travels on a surer fit
A smoother road.

The fore-nicht flees—Time plies his saw ; [1]
See where he stoops against the wa',
Toilin' wi' measured rise an' fa'
In silent rage !
Thus eats he through life's seasons a',
Youth, manheid, age !

Let's see ! what's left fra last New Year ?
Hand up the crock !—a chappin clear !
Gude luck an' luxury be here,
An' a side-saidle !
But this is mair than sober cheer,—
It means the ladle !

And, efter a', the nicht's a youth !
Bring oot the bowl—we'll mak' the drouth !
But roar for help—there's Aury Struth
An' Davie Dinn—
Doun to the brae-head wi' your mouth
An' cry them in !

[1] The pendulum of a *wag-at-the-wa'* clock.

MIDLOTHIAN EDUCATION
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Wi' the great enemy o' life
We'll wage this e'en a merry strife ;
We mayna stop his nickit knife,
But there's the soond—
The deil be in my thrapple gif
We dinna droon'd !

Wi' sowp an' sang we'se fill oor mouth,
The e'enin's only in its youth,—
It's only aucht o'clock in truth,
An' there it's chappin' :
We'll drink according to our drouth—
Pour every drap in !

Hughie's Song in Praise of the Simple Joys of Boyhood.

"Puræ rivus aquæ."
—Car. III. 16.

O WHEN I was a laddie, noo a lang time back,
I hadna mony pennies, but for joys I didna lack:
Gie me a Simmer Saturday, my wishes were complete
Wi' a lang day before me an' Devon at my feet.

I never was an angler, exceppin' in a sense;
To be a son of Izaak's I couldna mak' pretence;
But I had a fishin'-gad, and was very happy wi't,
Wi' a lang day before me an' Devon at my feet.

I never killed a saumon: the utmost o' my tak'
Was half-a-dizzen spatties in the basket on my back;
But ance I raised a noble fish—and was content to see't
Wi' a lang day before me an' Devon at my feet.

O what cared I for catchin' fish for greed or yet for
game ?
To mak' a bag or mak' a brag was never yet my aim :
The fishin' was a mere pretence to win the larger treat
O' a lang day before me an' Devon at my feet.

There was a sense o' freedom then, that siller canna
buy ;
There was a joy o' living, wi' the sun high in the sky ;
A day was immortality ! an' livin' was sae sweet
Wi' a lang day before ye an' Devon at your feet.

O we may toil for riper joys an' mair substantial gain,
But the simple joys o' laddiehood were easy to attain ;
Noo for the laddie's simple joys the man amaist could
greet—
For the lang day that's gane for aye, an' Devon at
his feet !

Hughie's Letter to a Prosperous Friend.

"Bene est, cui deus obtulit
Parcâ, quod satis est, manu."
—CAR. III. 16.

DEAR fellow-pilgrim in the vale,
Why should ye langer weep and wail?
Your health is gude, your hands are hale,
Your conscience free—
Deil hae't if onything ye ail
Nae mair than me.

Ye've loyal sons; ye've lasses braw,
Four dainty blossoms fragrant a'—
Lang may they brighten hearth and ha',
Yours or anither's!
Heaven's blessing on their beauty fa',
And on their brithers!

The warld has favoured ye : your schemes
Werena the bonnie baseless dreams
That lure, an' loup to wild extremes,
To land i' Puirhouse ;
But solid as the wa's an' beams
O' Warks an' Warehouse.

Yet wealth brings rarely heart-of-ease :
Even he, wha, if his lairdship please,
In coach-an'-pair, wi' hands on knees,
Can saftly ride,
May envy Jock his bread-an'-cheese
At yon dyke-side.

He's king wha bears a level mind
Strengthened by truth, by love refined,
In brotherhood with all mankind,
And, for the rest,
To Heaven's high will serene resigned,
And self-possest !

What though by Fortune he's bereft ?
Tak', limmer, fra him wi' your left
Whate'er your richt hand gave o' gift !—
He'll mak' a fend
In honest poverty to shift
On to the end.

Hughie Directs the Rejoicings for the Queen's Jubilee.

"Sera in cœlum redeas diuque
Læta intersis populo Quirini!"
—CAR. I. 2.

YE that are lords o' fixed degree,
Ye that are lords by whylies;
Ye proveses o' rank, an' ye
That are but baron-bailies;
Ye members o' the shires an' broughs,
Win up, an' haud ye ready
To boo your backs an' crook your houghs
Afore your sovran leddy!

Ye ministers; an' men o' weir—
Peace sodgers an' land sailors,
Auld warriors, to the service dear,
An' young anes, dear to tailors;

Ye new-made knichts an' nobles a',—
She made ye men o' honour,—
Weel may ye rank up in a raw,
An' shower your thanks upon her !

Ye waiting dames, sae dink an' braw
Wi' lades o' costly claithing ;
Ye bonnie lasses, best o' a'
Wi' just a flow'r—or naething ;
Ye office wands ; an' flunkey lords ;
An' pages, pouthered meetly,
Noo hald a tight grip o' the cords,
An' guide the course discreetly !

Ye college dons, fra proctor doun
To him that but professes,
Noo, noo's the time to tuck your goun
An' draw up your addresses :
An' let your Latin be as snug
As if she kent the round o't,
For, by my faith, she'll lend a lug
An' judge ye by the sound o't !

Ye parsons, groanin' aye wi' griefs,
The warld's maybe mendin';
Ye lawyers, lay aside your briefs,
Ill-named—they ne'er have endin';
An' tak' the hills or tak' the dales
As wide as e'er ye wandered,
Like laddies broken fra the schules,
An' free o' stripe an' standard!

An lastly, ye that flood the street,
A roarin' spate o' people,
Splashed up to wa' an' window-seat,
To chimla-stack an' steeple,—
It sets ye weel to mak' the din
Ye may indulge the morn,[1]
But dinna loup oot o' your skin,
And be content wi' roar'n'!

[1] June 21, 1887.

POSTSCRIPT.

Ye hills, sune to be blazin' hie,
As if by lightning smitten ;
Ye countries, scattered owre the sea,
That mak' the Greater Britain,
Shout, and shine oot ! tell a' that speir,
Wi' a' the speed ye may noo,
That, after towlin' fifty year,
Our Queen tak's holiday noo !

Hughie Lectures the Local Editor, gone abroad on Leave and enjoying himself.

"Pollicitus meliora!"
—CAR. I. 29.

FRA whaur, in search o' Simmer air,
Southward amang the frem'd ye fare,
Till in a sark, or little mair,
Ye gang stravaigin',—
Come hame an' fill your vacant chair,
Ye shameless pagan!

We've traced ye to the banks o' Nile;
Our een's been on ye a' the while;
And, though at times ye've raised the smile,
We've thocht again—
"The dog!" we've said, "is this his style
When aff the chain?"

[1] Referring to certain "Letters from Egypt."

The ease of Eastern life, the bliss,
Ye've seen't : ye've said, " How fair it is ! "
Ye've greetit Egypt wi' a kiss,
Voluptuous taed !
What saftenin' o' the heart was this ?
And o' the heid ?

Her flowin' dress o' divers hue,
Her glowin' een, her meltin' mou'—
Hoo has the glamour o' the view
Played to befule ye !
A towmont o' the kilt, I troo,
Ye'll need to cule ye !

Come back, an' tak' a winter tour
Amang the snaws on Rannoch moor ;
Or, better, listen for an 'oor
To John M'Caskill ;
Ae dose o' him's the only cure
For you, ye rascal !

He'll cure ye o' your rovin' een ;
He'll tell ye whaur your thochts hae been ;
He'll purge your mind an' morals clean,
An' scour your passions ;
Till ye renounce the Egyptian queen
An' a' her fashions !

A Wet Day: Hughie's Pity for the Tinklers.

THE mist lies like a plaid on plain,
The dyke-taps a' are black wi' rain,
A soakit head the clover hings,
On ilka puddle rise the rings.

Sair dings the rain upon the road,—
It dings, an' nae devallin' o'd ;
Adoun the gutter rins a rill
Micht halflins ca' a country mill.

The very roadman's left the road ;
The only kind o' beas' abroad
Are dyucks, rejoicin' i' the flood,
An' pyots, clatterin' i' the wud.

On sic a day wha tak's the gate ?
The cadger ? maybe ; but he's late.
The carrier ? na ! he doesna flit
Unless, *D.V.*, the pooers permit.

On sic a day wha tak's the gate ?
The tinkler, an' his tousie mate ;
He foremost, wi' a nose o' flint,
She sour an' sulky, yards ahint.

A blanket, fra her shouthers doun,
Wraps her an' a' her bundles roun' ;
A second rain rins aff the skirt ;
She skelps alang through dub an' dirt.

Her cheeks are red, her een are sma',
Her head wi' rain-draps beadit a' ;
The yellow hair, like wires o' bress,
Springs, thrivin' in the rain, like gress.

Her man an' maister stalks in front,
Silent mair than a tinkler's wont ;
His wife an' warkshop there ahint him,—
This day he caresna if he tint them.

His hands are in his pouches deep,
He snooves alang like ane in sleep,
His only movement's o' his legs,
He carries a' aboon like eggs.

Sma' wecht ! his skeleton an' skin,
And a dour heavy thocht within.
His claes, sae weel wi' weet they suit him,
They're like a second skin aboot him.

They're doun the road, they're oot o' sicht ;
They'll reach the howff by fa' o' nicht,
In Poussie Nancy's cowp the horn,
An' tak' the wanderin' gate the morn.

They'll gie their weasands there a weet,
Wi' kindred bodies there they'll meet,
Wi' drookit gangerels o' the clan,
The surgeons o' the pat an' pan.

Already on the rain-washed wa'
A darker gloom begins to fa' ;
Sooms fra the sicht the soakin' plain,—
It's closin' for a nicht o' rain.

Hughie's Version of the Sitting Member's Address.

ELECTORS by the Norlan' Firth,
Your wisdom's equal to your wirth ;
Ye chose me at a whip o' dearth
To represent ye !
I've ta'en a firmer grip i' yearth
Since first I kent ye.

Wow ! but this warld's a canty hole
Surveyed by him that heads a poll,
Wha's friends without a murmur thole
His capers mony,
An' crack him up till, like a coal,
He's bleezin' bonnie !

What, what had I to win your favours
When Damheid, for my misbehavours,

Maist like an auld cask dung to stavers,
Despatched me rowin',
Wi' deil ha'et but a tongue an' slavers
To start anew on ?

By this, I micht hae been forgotten,
My public reputation rotten,
Gien ower to eild and anecdotin' ;
Or, at the best,
Wi' handbag round the counties trottin'
In fruitless quest.

While here I am, this braw November,
Lookin' again to be your Member,
Nae fossil auld, nor brunt-oot ember,
But het an' smokin' ;
Wi' promises—which, please remember,
May a' be broken !

Nae doot it's feckly wrang to lee ;
But then, lang-windit naigs like me
Maun rin baith hand an' helter free
As Nature teaches ;
An', wantin' whids, whaur wad they be,
My bonnie speeches ?

Whiddin's an airt : ye tak your aith ;
Ye promise " that's as sure as death " ;
Ye rap it oot to get a breath
Or hide a stammer ;
A kind o' wild rhetoric wreath,
It decks your grammar !

I keep my promise when I can ;
But, if I state, an' stick my plan,
What waur am I than ony man
That's changed his mind ?
He's wiser noo than he was than,
An' that ye'll find.

Sae dinna wonder nor repine,
Gude, far-aff, faithfu' friends o' mine,
If noo-an'-than I seem to tyne
Regaird for truth ;
And oh ! preserve the cordial twine
That binds us baith !

Hughie in Praise of the Native Brew.

NICE-GABBIT Fortune, wi' her wines,
And a' thing braw aboot her !—
The ware that on my dresser shines
Is hamely pig an' pewter.
Yet wha, in gold or siller cup,
For foreign drink wad hanker,
If bauld John Barleycorn fill up
His toddy-bowl or tankar' ?

It's braw, nae doot, to read aboot
A vine-clad skelp o' mountain,
Wi' pendants purpling ilka shoot
In clusters past a' countin' ;
Yet beardit John will hauld his ain
Wi' Bacchus and his vine-trees,
Whether wide-racing owre the plain
Or resting on the gantrees.

He shaws, in sooth, as braw a youth
  Wi' awns on end, or nae beard ;
But see him stoor, in pith mature,
  Bedeckit wi' a grey-beard !
O fair is ilka youthfu' thing :
  But mair than half their beauty
Lies in the promise o' their Spring,
  The Harvest o' their duty.

The townsman airtin' to the hills
  Does weel to charge his pistol ;
But what avails to geizened gills
  A toom bedizened crystal ?
Will siller stopper mend his drouth,
  Or recommend the liquor ?
Gie me the neat, the naked truth,
  And never mind the bicker !

It's no' upon the ware ye think
  When weary for a waught o't ;
It's no' the veshel that ye drink
  When takin' doun a draught o't :

Let but the caup be clean an' fou—
  There's naething mair anent it,
Unless it be weel-pleased to view
  The fair hands that present it!

Gie foreign wights their foreign wines,
  The produce o' their country;
And let abee the ware that shines
  On sideboards o' the gentry.
Auld Nature turns the tap for a',
  Wherever men are plantit;
And, by her gude an' gracious law,
  We hae the browst we wantit.

Hughie's Monument.

"Non omnis moriar."
—Car. III. 30.

In vain the future snaps his fangs ;
The tyke may rage, he canna wrang's ;
I put my hand upon my sangs
Without a swither ;
To me this monument belangs,
I need nae ither !

It's no' in granite to endoor ;
Sandstane comes ripplin' doun like stoor ;
Marble, it canna stand the shoo'r,
It lasts nae time :
There's naething yet has half the poo'r
O' silly rhyme.

The pyramids hae tint their tale,
It's lang since they begoud to fail,—

They're either murlin' doun to meal
Or fog-enwrappit ;
While Horace at this hour's as hale
As e'er he stappit !

Sae I may say 't without a lee
I dinna a'thegither dee ;
Therefore forbear to greet for me
When I'm awa' ;
And keep a dry, a drouthy ee,
I charge ye a'.

When at my door the hearse draws up,
And Kate hands roun' the dirgy-cup,
Nae friend o' mine will tak' a sup
For that the less,
But calmly wi' a sober grup
Cowp owre his gless.

The better part o' me remains !
Where Allan water weets the plains,
An' Devon, crystal but for rains,
Gangs wandering wide,
Lang after me ye'll hear my strains
On Ochilside.

TAMMAS WILSON,

OR

THE FORTUNES OF A SCOTTISH PLOUGHMAN.

TAM WILSON was a pleughman bred,
But had a saul aboon his tredd.

Nae harum-scarum chiel' was he
To birl awa' his dear-won fee
On yill or sweeties or sic trash,
To ha'e a name and mak' a clash
For a fine free-and-easy mind:
—Tam was to better things inclined.

Tam kent a bank—nae wild-thyme brae
Where dads o' sunlicht glint an' gae—
But a bare shop where siller's lent
To multiplie at three per cent.

'Twas here he pat what'er he earned ;
And then he turned his lug and learned,
Where'er he gaed, the saws o' sense
That taught him hoo to guide his 'pence.

He saw at markets and at fairs
Hoo fowk laid oot an' sauld their wares ;
He studied weel the wheedlin' airt
That garr'd the sumph wi's siller pairt,
Yet think himself a clever chiel
To skin the chapman aff sae weel.
An' ae wise maxim first owre a'
He gathered in fra' what he saw—
The adage, never faithless found,
That gars the penny herd the pound.

Tam, like the brethren o' his station,
Had unco little education ;
But i' the lang fore-winter-nicht
He edged his kist in by the licht,
An' while his neebor loons were snorin',
Or owre some new brent ballant roarin',
Or, maybe, if the nicht was fine,
Awa' to tryst some gigglin' qwine,

He took his bannet aff his pow,
An' down he sat beside the lowe,
An' swat an' gied his brains a rackin',
Addin', dividin', and substrackin' :
Straucht through the *Gray* his way he urged,
Nae coont he missed, nae answer forged,
Simple an' compound, big an' wee,
To Practice an' the Rules o' Three :
Some say he mastered Tare-an'-Tret,
Tho' sair it garr'd him fume an' fret.

At ither times he gat his bottle—
Whusky ! it never wat his throttle !
'Twas Peerie's ink, a better liquor ;
He seized his pen, an' grupp'd it sicker,
Row'd up his sleeve-bands no' to blot,
An', restin' on his elbuck, wrote.
An' if the letters werena braw,
An' sometimes lowse an' sair athraw,
His thochts were aye wi' skill conneckit,
An' aye wi' taste his words seleckit !

Noo, lad, I'll lay a croon-piece wager
Ye think Tam ettled at a gauger.

Oh, man ! but ye're a grovellin' wicht !
Tam's fancy had a higher flicht ;
In fact, he didna clearly see
Where it wad licht : but bide awee ;
An' i' the mids' o' the meantime, ken ye
Tam thocht the best perch to ascen' fra
A pedlar's pack—a rowin' stane
That gaithers moss, the only ane !

His measures were matured completely,
An' a' his plans laid sae discreetly,
That when, ae term-day i' the Fa'
Tam quat the pleugh for guid an' a',
He had nae mair ado but tak'
A muckle bundle on his back,
Weel stored wi' ribban's, knives, an' rings,
Wi' claith, an' capes, an' orra things—
Tak' oot the license, twa pound odd,
Cut a stoot rung, an' to the road !

Noo, in his new-adopted life,
Wi' change o' scene an' fowk sae rife,
Sae weel contrived for interviews
An' wrestlin's wi' the rural muse,

Tam micht hae faither'd mony a sang
To cheer him as he jogg'd alang.

But Tammy's saul was sae intent,
Sae eident aye on business bent,
A corner o't he couldna spare
For lichter matter than his ware :
The muse was ither than a true ane,
An' rhymin' raither waur than pleughin'.

Yet sometimes, as he stoopt to drink
By some clear upland burnie's brink,
The gowan, wi' its sil'er rim,
Or primrose wad look up at him,
An' by their sweet suggestive hues
Wad set Tam's fancy on the muse,
An' glitter thro' his day-dream doverin's
Like sil'er sixpences an' sovereigns !

Lang, lang, an' mony a mile he trudged,
An' some, ye needna doot, he grudged,—
For Fortune's but a fickle jaud,
An' e'en her best is mix'd wi' bad ;
But, guid or bad, or baith thegither,
Tam took his customers wi' his weather.

In winter's mirk, an' simmer's sun,
Familiar wi' the varyin' wun',
Fra' hoose to hoose he made his ca's,
Displayed his pack, an' gaed his wa's ;
Contented, if when gloamin' gray
Shut in anither gowden day,
His hogger had a mellower chime
To shaw he had " improved " the time.

When mony a day had come an' gane,
An' mony a pack an' pair o' shoon,
An' mony a groat—na ! that's a bam' !
The bawbees biket when they cam'—
At last, in a sma' country toun,
Tam laid his hazel ellwand doun,
An' strong wi' speculative hope,
Open'd a haberdasher's shop !

I tellna here hoo sair he strove,
An' tackled to his wark, an' throve :
Tam aye had guidwill to his wark—
Bear witness mony a sweaty sark !—
Baith wi' the flail an' at the pleugh,
An' warstlin' wi' his pack, an' noo

Ahint the coonter, rack'd in mind
At aince to cleed an' fleece mankind.

Aneuch that Fortune's wayward ba',
That rows obedient to nae law,
Play'd gently in to Tammy's feet :
—Tam cuist the coat an' gae't a heat ;
Doun the lang years he sent it spinnin',
An' followed hard an' het wi' rinnin' !

When thrice the sun had wheel'd his roun',
A farmer enter'd this same toun,
As blithe a carle as ever stappit—
Tho' simmer, in a grey plaid happit—
Twal miles, a weary foot, frae hame,
An' Willie Gowanlock his name.

Up thro' the middle o' the street
He paced wi' patriarchal feet,
Took up his station at the Cross,
Syne glowered aboot him at a loss.
His faithfu' collie, dune wi' daffin',
Stood heedless o' the toon-tykes' yaffin',
An' lookit in his maister's face
As if his inmost wish to trace.

At last, a muckle painted sign,
Wi' gowden letters glitterin' fine,
Tane Willie's wuld an' wanderin' e'e :
He stood an' spelt, an' thocht awee.

" What's this," quo' Will ; " my e'esicht's failin',
But isna that *Gastmetalpallin' ?*
An'—Lord, forgie's for a' oor ills dune !—
What's that below't but Tammas Wilson ?
The verra man, I'll tak' my aith ;
But, Lord, he deals in daft-like graith ! "

Three staps brocht Willie to the place,
An' there was Tammy's weel-kent face.
Tammy, wi' smile an' smirk sae ready,
Was shawin' gum-flooers to a leddy,
An' twa wee spunkie 'prentice loons
Were measurin' claith an' brushin' goons.

" Tammas ! your hand ; I'm glad to see ye ;
Haith, lad, but things are prosperin' wi' ye !
Ye'll mind o' me, an' Ruth, my dochter ?
It's juist gey far, or I'd hae brocht her.

Hoot, fye ! ye mind she used to squeeze
Your pouches fu' o' cakes an' cheese
What time ye ran the packman's tether ;
I used to think ye fain o' ither."

Tam raised his e'eglass, glowered an' spak'—
" I dout, my man, there's some mistak' ;
I dinna ken ye ! George, the door !
John, dinna mak' sae muckle stour !—
Weel, madam, what's your further orders ?
See, here's some braw new soo-back borders,
Their like for cheapness near nor far is,
They cam' yestreen direct from Paris—
The newest shape, the best design,
Baith stuff an' trimmin' superfine ! "

Weel was it said, the haly saw,
Pride gangs afore an awfu' fa' !
To shaw a customer gudewill
Tam wrote his name across a bill ;
The scoundrel ran, an' Tammy brak',
Paid aucht i' pound, an' took a pack.

An' noo, owre hill an' muir again,
Thro' lanely shaw an' rocky glen,

At last, a muckle painted sign,
Wi' gowden letters glitterin' fine,
Tane Willie's wuld an' wanderin' e'e :
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To shaw a customer gudewill
Tam wrote his name across a bill ;
The scoundrel ran, an' Tammy brak',
Paid aucht i' pound, an' took a pack.

An' noo, owre hill an' muir again,
Thro' lanely shaw an' rocky glen,

Owre bog an' slap an' dyke an' stile
He travell'd mony an anxious mile ;
His weel-kent face aince mair was seen
At fair an' dance on village green.
Nae birth was near but Tammy kent it,
An' wakes an' waddin's he frequentit ;
Black-wavin' crapes an' ghostly weepers,
Tap-knots an' snoods an' dancin' cheepers,
Razors an' hones for gay young shavers,
An' Sabbath scarfs an' marriage favours—
In short, whatever ane could lack
Bude first to come fra' Tammy's pack :
Sae quick his wares flew roond aboot him,
Hoo had the kintra dune withoot him ?

Ae snawy nicht in winter-time—
Sae dark ye couldna see a styme—
Tammy, returnin' fra' a toor,
Ventured a short-cut owre a moor.
Aroond him howled the eerie blast,
The snaw was driftin' fierce an' fast ;
Tam pu'd the bannet owre his lug,
An' gied his belt anither tug,

An' ruminatin' owre his lot,
Calmly pursued his ain jog-trot ;
Till, swith ! a whin-stump catch'd his cuit,
An' owre he fell like ony peat !
The witch-wind screamed wi' eldritch laughter,
An' doun the snaw-ghaists danced the dafter !

Up gat puir Tammy, sair benighted ;
The heavy fa' had dung him doited :
Up Tammy gat—puir luckless fallow !
His scattered senses widna rally.
A' roond he glower'd, but glower'd in vain—
The mirk was solid as a stane.
He siched as if his heart wad brak',
Then graipit till he fand his pack,
Then fand his legs—nae banes were broken—
An' spak' (the words aloud were spoken) :—
" There was an auld sang nearhan' endit ;
But, lad, we're livin' an' we'll mend it—
Drive on, ye jaud, an' be mair tenty ! "

But whatna road, where roads were plenty ?
He stude, the centre o' the compass,
An' hearkened to the windy rumpus

A' roond the moor's mysterious border,
An' guessed an' glowered, but naething furder,
The gate he wished—hoo could he find it ?
The gate he cam'—he didna mind it !

The sweat stude cauld on Tammy's broo—
" Lord save 's or here's the end o't noo ;
Twa minutes syne I kent it brawly,
An' noo—Lord pity a poor fallow ! "

Lauch na : devoutly Tammy prayed,
An' shortly cam' the timely aid.
Twal random staps he hadna gane,
An' just twal resolutions tane,
When, as he turned a distant knowe,
Laich on his left he spied a lowe.

Straight to the licht his path he steered,
Its lively ee the darkness cheered ;
He lost it in a treeless glen,
But up the bank he saw't again
Streamin' far oot into the nicht—
A social, soul-enlivenin' licht ;

At ilka stap a Scots ell nearer,
Broader at ilka stap an' clearer,
Till, owre a cheese-stane nearhan' stumblin',
Tammy was at a door-sneck fumblin'.

The door flew open wi' a bang !
The lassie stoppit in her sang,
The collie started wi' a flurry,
An' barkit like a very fury :
The auld man at the fireside pechan,
An' stitchin' at an auld tow brechan,
Threw up his hands aboon his pow,
An' sat an' naething said but " Vow ! "

Tammy appeared—a ghaistly sicht !
He glowered to left, he glowered to richt ;
Familiar was the scene throughout,
But yet he couldna mak' it oot,
Till through his saul there flashed the truth—
" It's Willie Gowanlock an' Ruth,
An' this is Heath'ryleys, an' there—
That's Ringwood birsin' up his hair."

Auld Willie like a statue sat,
An' glower'd, but said ne this nor that.
" Willie," quo' Tam, " ye ken me fine—
O, Willie, man, for auld langsyne !
I tried the muir, but gaed clean wild—
An' hoo it blaws !—just hearken till'd ! "

Oot spak' the lass—" It's Tammas, faither ;
Bid him inowre—it's awfu' weather."
He raised the brechan to his e'e—
" I ken nae Tammas—wha are ye ?
I doot, my man, there's some mistak' ;
I dinna ken ye—shaw yer back ! "

The lassie ran an' barred the door :
" A bonnie thing to say, I'm sure !
Wasna the lamp expressly lichtit
To cheer the traveller dark-benichted,
An' on the window bunker set
To guide puir wanderers to our yett ? "

Ruth spak' wi' kindlin' e'e and cheek,
An' trimmed wi' care the rashy wick ;

Then to the floor returnin' back,
She eased puir Tammy o' his pack ;
His coat wi' her ain hand she shook,
An' led him to the ingle nook.

Auld Willie started to his fit—
" Tammas, the play's played oot—we're quit !
See, there's my loof—it's frankly gi'en ;
Ye're welcome, as ye've ever been.
Ruth, bring a riddlefu' o' peats.
Tammas, draw in an' heat your cuits.
The peat-reek, lassie ?—that's weel-mindit—
Ahint *John Fla'el* ye'll aiblins find it."

Nae house was spent a happier nicht in ;
The hours flew owre their heads like lichtnin' ;
The auld guidman was fu' o' jokin',
An' Ruth, though bendin' owre a stockin',
In kirtle jimp an' shapely boddice
To Tammy's e'en showed like a goddess.

Ye lee, ye rhymin' bardies a'
Wha say when leaves begin to fa',
An' norlan' win's blaw cauld an' dry,
An' swallows gather i' the sky,

The naked laddie greetin' rins
Soothward awa', where sunny win's,
Wi' lang, lang saft an' silken hair,
An' blue, blue e'en that ken nae care,
Wait on the purple hills to meet
An' welcome his far-travelled feet.

Good faith ! Ye've something yet to learn :
He's no' a feckless lassie-bairn !
The lang black winter thro' he tarries,
The hardy wean ! an' shoots his arrows
Wi' quicker han', an' keener aim—
The loonie's nearer to his game :
He's left the shaw, the glen, the ley ;
He's come wi' Robin a' the wey
To barns an' stackyards, doors an' windows ;
An' weel he kens it's no' the Indies
That ane may scaithless want the breek,
An' sae he seeks the chimla-cheek ;
An' there he sits an' trims his bow,
Lauchs till himsel', an' nods his pow,
An' chuckles like a wee red etyn,
" Ho ! Ho ! the famous winter shootin' ! "

Tammy he shot, an' shot again,—
His heart was prinklin' wi' the pain !

Upon the wa', aboon the press,
There hung a fairy keekin'-gless ;
Twa peacock feathers, droopin' lang,
Fra' the twa tapmost corners sprang,
An' at the foot, in kintra fashion,
Hung a wee red three-cornered cushion :
Not redder was that cushion-cover
Than was the heart of our true lover,
Nor mair preen-holed than Tammy's heart
By Cupid's fleet an' frequent dart !

Strange are the vagaries o' drink ;
But stranger yet than ane can think
The varied changes love can work :
It drave Tam regular to the kirk,
It drave him to the Book o' Truth,
It drave him to the Tale o' Ruth.

It nearhan' drave him to the Muse,
But he'd the firmness to refuse
To listen to her bursts o' sang
That floated on the air alang,

An' garr'd his nerves, against his will,
Wi' a lang unkent sweetness thrill—
For, sprung o' Covenantin' blude,
He dooted if she cam' o' gude !

But, crush its utterance as he micht,
The feeling struggled to the licht—
A holy poetry that flings
Its arms roond a' created things.
As for a taste,—when Spring cam' on,
An' gowans thro' the black yird shone,
An' sweet primroses starr'd the mould
(They were a fairer sicht than gold),
The love, deep-planted in his breast,
Bloomed in a bookay on his vest.

Whate'er o' beauty Tammy saw
Cheerin' the gloom o' glen or shaw,
It gat the witcherie o' its grace,
In Tammy's fancy, fra' a face
Where Beauty's sel', embracin' Truth,
Was shinin' in the eyes o' Ruth.

Sair a' that Winter did he toil ;
An' when the gowk brocht in April—
For ne'er a lassie yet consentit
To a May marriage but repentit—
He ceased the pedlar's wanderin' life,
An' he an' Ruth were man an' wife.

Ten years o' sober married bliss,
Ten years o' weel-deserv'd success,
And in the canty burrowstoun,
Where cautiously he settled doun,
Wha was sae mensefu' or sae douce,
Had roucher board or brawer hoose ?
Whase wife was less to gossip gi'en ?
Whase bairns wi' redder cheeks were seen ?
Whase servant lass was better guidit ?
Wha ampler for the puir providit ?
Whase name was named wi' mair respect ?
What Bailie spak' to mair effect ?
Wha bore the Sacramental cup
Wi' cleaner heart or holier grup
Than Tammas Wilson ? Wha wad dreamt o't ?—
A pleughman aince, an' not ashamed o't !

PAT-LUCK.

THE monk had a greedy ee,
The monk wanted siller,
The monk cam' to see
Auld Widow Miller.

In a wee theekit hoose
Auld Widow Miller sat,
Ne'er a cricket half sae croose,
Scrapin' her parritch-pat.

Great faith in haly men,
Great faith had she;
That's a pat amon' ten,
That pat, quo' he.

Puir auld Widow Miller,
What will she dae?
No a plack left o' siller,
The pat gane tae!

Hame ran the greedy freer,
Girnin' as he gaed ;
Wha like, ye needna speer,—
The pat on his head.

Loupin' a wide ditch
Him an' hame atween,
Down wi' a hasty pitch
The pat's owre his een !

Up again it winna come
Rug he ne'er sae sair,
And the mannie's far fra hame,
Beast nor body near.

Noo a roar an' noo a race,—
Gloamin' i' the sky !
Here and there in desert place
Rase the lanely cry !

Thro' a kintra town he rins,
Bellowin' like a bull ;
Haste ye ! hoose ye ! waukrife weans,
Sandie's oot, an' wul' !

Auld wifie at the door,—
Yer apron owre yer een !
—Shuh !—He's by like stour,
Hardlins seen !

Noo everybody's hearkenin',
An' ilka winker's wide ;
—Eh ! but i' the darkenin'
The horns winna hide !

Burn-the-win', neist mornin',
Was lyin' whaur he fell ;
He aimed a clink at Hornie
That sair mischiev'd himsel' !

A pat he dang to shairds
An' hammer heft baith ;
The bits, ye'll see them in his yaird
A witness o' the truth !

The monk has a sair head,
His chafts winna chow ;
On beef an' greens he winna feed
He's made a Lenten vow !

SPRING FROM THE MANSE GARDEN.

Noo owre the weir the watters rin,
An' skies are saft an' clear,
And infant snawdraps usher in
The spring-time o' the year.
An' shepherds owre the hills stravaig
Atween the strips o' snaw ;
An' Pate would noo muil in wi' Meg,
—But Meg begins to thraw.

Noo at the schule, whene'er it skails,
They gar the peeries bum ;
An' sparrow answerin' sparrow hails
Frae cottar lum to lum.
—But there are caulds an' yawkin' stogs,
An' mony a scabbit croon ;
An' Doctor Jalap an' his drogs
Gang scoorin' thro' the toon !

A WINTER VIEW.

THE rime lies cauld on ferm an' fauld,
The lift's a drumlie grey ;
The hill-taps a' are white wi' snaw,
An' dull an' dour's the day.
The canny sheep thegither creep,
The govin' cattle glower ;
The plooman staunds to chap his haunds
An' wuss the storm were ower.

But ance the snaw's begoud to fa'
The cauld's no' near sae sair :
'Neth stingin' drift oor herts we lift
The winter's warst to dare.
Wi' frost an' cauld we battle bauld,
Nor fear a passin' fa',
But warstle up wi' warmer grup
O' life, an' hope, an' a'.

An' sae, my frien', when to oor een
Oor warldly ills appear
In prospect mair than we can bear,
An outlook cauld an' drear ;
Let's bear in mind—an' this, ye'll find,
Has heartened not a few—
When ance we're in the battle's din
We'll find we're half gate thro'.

A SCHULE LADDIE'S LAMENT ON THE LATENESS O' THE SEASON.

THE east wind's whistlin' cauld an' shrill,
The snaw lies on the Lomont Hill ;
It's simmer i' the almanack,
But when 'ill simmer days be back ?

There's no' a bud on tree or buss ;
The craws are at a sair nonplus,—
Hoo can they big ? hoo can they pair ?
Wi' them sae cauld, and wuds sae bare.

My faither canna saw his seed,—
The hauf o' th' laund's to ploo, indeed ;
The lambs are deein', an' the yowes
Are trauchled wanderin' owre the knowes.

There's no' a swallow back as yet,
The robin doesna seek to flit ;
There's no' a buckie, nor a bud,
On ony brae, in ony wud.

It's no' a time for barefit feet
When it may be on-ding o' sleet.
The season's broken a' oor rules,—
It's no' the time o' year o' bools ;

It's no' the time o' year o' peeries.
I think the year's gane tapsalteeries !
The farmers may be bad, nae doot—
It pits hiz laddies sair aboot.

THE BURNIN' BRUME.

THE Hebrew shepherd on the hillside saw
A green buss bleezin', bleezin' aye awa' :
Nae reek rase up, nae ashes fell adoun,
There was nae sough o' fire, nae cracklin' soun' ;
But clear an' constant was the steady flame,
And unconsumed the buss, an' aye the same.

Ye needna doot the shepherd glowr'd wi' awe
At sic a strange suspension o' the law
That dooms to swift destruction barn or byre,
Biggin' or buss that's grippit fast by fire.
In this he saw the presence o' his God,
And felt the ground was holy where he trod.

That self-same miracle does yet appear ;
We see it i' the spring o' ilka year,

When whin an' bonnier brume are fairly bloom'd,
And wavin' burn the same, and unconsumed—
But unregardit o' baith man an' woman,
Clean unregardit, for the sicht's sae common.

They see't a' gate, along the public way,
In gowden beauty bleezin', bleezin' aye,
Till ev'ry hill-tap heich an' lawland knowe
Owre Scotland braid like flamin' altars lowe.
Yet wha draws near wi' reverential feet ?
Is there a shepherd casts his shoon to see't ?
Is there a thocht that God's within the buss,
Or that the grund is holy brighten'd thus ?

Lord, blame them not, tho' dull an' undeservin',
Nor me, among the lave, Thy humble servan',
Wha am, wi' reason, aye sae gled to ken
O' a' your gudeness to the sons o' men—
Though whyles it is, an' lang is, undeteckit ;
In quarters, though, whaur it was least expeckit.

An' then, Thou mauna be owre hard on us ;
Moses himsel' gaed snoovlin' roun' the buss,

Glowrin' wi' vulgar wonder, till Thou spak',
An' garr'd him wi' a souple stend loup back.

Lord, if, tho' late, at last we own Thou'rt in
Amang the blossoms o' the brume an' whin,
We own't oorsel's—Lord, gie us credit for't!
Withoot the need o' Thee to speak the word.

THE STOOKIE SABBATH.

Noo every stalk o' corn's cut doun,
The Sabbath o' the Ferm's come roun',
Wi' Sabbath silence owre the toun—
A crawin' cock the only soun'.

Noo braes abune and haughs below
Present in many a stookit row
Such offering as the priests did show
On the Lord's table long ago.

But wider here the table spread,—
Nae sample, but the stock instead ;
And ampler is the show of bread,
With scarce a tasting melder led.

Lord ! look upon the bandit wheat,
The aits an' barley at Thy feet ;
Haud aff the daddin' wind an' weet,
An' bless the bread an' mak' it sweet !

Wi' Dives' craps to ca' oor ain,
A' hoosed an' happit fra the rain,
We still should miss the higher gain,
Wanting Thy blessing on the grain.

And with it, tho' oor portion be
But little mair than Laz'rus' fee,
There's this to cheer oor hearts awee—
The crumbs were looten doun by Thee!

THE CORNYARD FU'.

THE dreels are to lift,
An' the neeps are to pu',
But the crap's aff the field,
An' the cornyard's fu';
The cornyard's fu',
An' a bonnie sicht to see,—
It'll haud the winter winds
Fra my bairnies an' me.

The gudeman's pleased,
He looks aboot him noo,
Wi' a wecht aff his mind
An' the gloom aff his broo;
The gloom aff his broo,
An' he's franker an' free,
An' cracks i' the gloamin'
To the bairnies an' me.

The grieve's no sae canker'd,
The pipe's in his mou' ;
An' Mysie sings merrier
When milkin' the coo ;
Milkin' the coo,
Or maskin' the tea,
She's no' half sae saucy
To the bairnies an' me.

O couthie looks the toun
When the stackyard's fu',
An' the gudeman speaks
Wi' a smile on his mou' ;
A smile on his mou',
An' his leg on his knee,
It mak's a cosie hame
To the bairnies an' me !

THE PLOWMAN.

THE ley lies bonnie to the sun,
  Half-broken, strippit black an' green ;
Ahint's the hoosie whaur they won,
  Wife, bairnies, an' himsel' at e'en.
He sees them when he turns his head,
  They gar him haste to turn his ploo,
The lauchin' wee things ! For their bread
  He'd furr the face o' Ben Macdhu !

There's little Sandy, climbin' owre—
  " Haud aff, ye daurin' loon, ye'll fa' ;
Ay, bide ahint the fence, an' glow'r—
  The headrig's no' for bairns ava ! "
The loon 'ill mak' a plowman yet—
  Hard honest wark, the best i' land ;
He'll seek nae far'er nor his fit,
  He'll tak' his faither's tredd in hand.

The plowman, tho' he's trauchled sair,
An' canna boast o' warld's wealth,
He gets the gude o' caller air,
Nor wants for happiness wi' health.
The shilpit craturs o' the toun
May shak' their heads, an' think it rouch,
But tak' it a' the towmont roun'
A plowman's life is weel anouch !

A SONG OF LABOUR.

SLOW wears the day when weary haunds are garr'd,
An' the lang dreels are dreich, an' the work hard ;
But cheer ye up ! there's rest, and a reward—
Come nicht, come ninepence !

So sings the toiler in the turnip-field,
Smiting the useless from the useful yield,
Till sweet reprieve the angelus has peal'd,—
And night brings ninepence.

So passes life for most of us away,
With a long row to hoe, and a short pay,
Yet rest is sweet after life's toilsome day,
Ninepence or nothing.

SONG OF THE HANDLOOM WEAVER.

(No longer heard in the land.)

I. Dull Trade; *Lento.*

Half a bannock, half a herrin',—
Dull trade, scanty farin',
Dull trade, hungry bairn;
Half a bannock, half a herrin'.

(*Ad lib.*, six months at least.)

II. Trade Improving; *Accelerando.*

Trade's brisker, it's brisker, it's movin'—we're aff!
A bannock an' a half, a herrin' an' a half,
A herrin' an' a half, a bannock an' a half;
Trade's brisker, it's movin', it's movin'—we're aff!

(*Ad lib.*, maybe three.)

III. "PUSHIN' WUBBS"; *Presto.*

Brisker yet, better yet, tuggin' an' tearin',
Twa bannocks, twa herrin', twa bannocks, my bairn!
Tuggin' an' tearin', switin' an' swearin',
Twa herrin', twa bannocks, twa bannocks, twa herrin'!

(*Ad lib.*, a month at most.)

IN PRAISE OF BALGEDDIE.

I.

I SING of a spot,
Tho' the warld knows it not,
And it's nae great attraction to lord or to leddy;
There's nae railway near it,
Nor deevil hae 't to steer it,—
It's a canny country toun wi' the name o' Balgeddie.

(*Chorus.*)

Set me at liberty, an' let me gang,
On my ain shank's-naig, or the back o' a neddy;
I'll never be mysel', and I'll never sing a sang
Till I see the sun sklent aff the ruifs o' Balgeddie!

II.

It sleeps amang trees
To the bummin' o' its bees
Frae the sawin' o' the seed till the barley's ready ;
Then it waukens to a strife
For the dear staff o' life,
An' sleeps a' the winter again, does Balgeddie.

III.

Wi' the blue loch before it,
An' the simmer bending o'er it,
An' the Bishop hill ahint it, wi' never a sheddie,—
O whaur will ye find
Country quarters to your mind,
Or an auld cottar-toun wi a kirk, like Balgeddie ?

IV.

Auld Reekie's fu' o' stour,
An' I'm deaved every hour
Fra the time I get up till I gang to my beddie :
But the loch's cauler gleam,
I see it in my dream,
And I hear the bees bummin' on the braes o' Balgeddie.

V.

O gin I were a doo
I wad flie awa the noo,
Wi' my neb to the Lomond, an' my wings wavin steady;
And I wadna rest a fit
Till at gloamin' I could sit
Wi' ither neibour-doos on the lums o' Balgeddie!

VI.

The simmer canna last,
An' we ken it's wearin' past,
An' the grace o' heaven goes like the flooer o' the meaddie;
But afore the hervest's throu'
I maun taste the barley-brew,
And eat a shearer's scone on the rigs o' Balgeddie!

(*Chorus.*)

Set him at liberty, an' let him gang,
On his ain shank's-naig, or the back o' a neddy;
He'll never be himsel', and he'll never sing a sang,
Till he tastes the barley-brew on the rigs o' Balgeddie!

AYONT THE LANG SEA.

I.

She walks in her garden,
She sits at her seam ;
She looks like a maid
In a drow or a dream ;
For the things round about her,
They slip from her ee,
And her thochts are with Willie
Ayont the lang sea.

II.

She lockt up her love,
Tho' he pleaded fu' sair ;
And he gaed from her side
Like a ghaist in despair—
" On this side the warld
There is naething for me " ;
And he wander'd, heart-hunger'd,
Ayont the lang sea.

III.

She stands in her garden,
A flow'r among flow'rs ;
She sits at her sewing
The lang summer hours,
Her chin in her hand
And her seam on her knee,
A-heark'ning for Willie,
Ayont the lang sea.

NON OMNIS MORIAR.

(HORACE, III. 30.)

LET kings by brick or brass be kent
To their remotest heirs ;
I've rear'd (wha kens ?) a monument
To last as lang as theirs.

They pile on high, up to the sky,
Their tours o' brick an' lime ;
Or put their trust in brazen bust :
I put my faith in rhyme.

An' this frail structure shall endure
When brass has proven vain,
An' pyramids, reduced to stoor,
Are blawn aboot the plain !

O short the game for warldly fame
Till saul an' body twyne,
An' from their place, in time an' space,
Pass by a law divine.

Yet I, wha last to Roman strains
Applied the Scottish style,
May live as lang's a scrap remains
Of Scottish in oor isle.

Not mine to stand at Robbie's hand,
An' mak' wi' him a pair ;
Yet ane may sit at Allan's fit,
Upon a lower stair.

THE THREE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

WHAT says the solemn Auld Kirk bell
At Sabbath morn and even ?
What has that monitor to tell
O' comfort to the leevin' ?
" We're a' gaun to heeven,
We're a' gaun to heeven,
As Noah's clean beass to the Ark
That entered seeven by seeven."

But the Free Kirk tin-kettle,
In haste to dispute it,
Rings out with some mettle
" I doot it ! I doot it !
The nowte o' MacKillop
May enter by twa's ;
They're wantit to fill up
The craps o' the wa's ! "

U.P. Bell—C'llection ! c'llection ! c'llection !

Slow swings the solemn Auld Kirk bell
Aboon the dead an' leevin'
In easy-osy monotones—
"We're a' gaun to heeven!
Oor sins are a' forgeeven!
We're a' gaun to heeven,
Dissentin' bodies twa an' twa,
An' huz by seeven and seeven."

But the Free Kirk tin-kettle,
Noo wud to dispute it,
Rings oot wi' mair mettle
"I doot it! I doot it!
To oor chosen stirkies
The sta's an' the store,
But for the Auld Kirkies
The back o' the door!"

U.P. Bell—C'llection! c'llection! c'llection!

THE COCK O' JOHN TAMSON'S TOUN.

(An Idyl of the Ochils.)

A cock cam' into the yaird
Up at John Tamson's toun ;
He liftit a claw in the air like a paw
An' keekit cannily roun' !

" There's no' a cock i' the toun ! "
An' he pat his fit bauldly doun,
Then stude up to craw, an' blew a great blaw,
An' the hens cam' bustlin' roun'.

It was a bauld thing he had dared ;
Far better he never had crewn !
Fifteen hens his affection shared,
Yet he cam' to John Tamson's toun !

The black, an' the white, an' the broun,
They skirl'd wi' joy at the soun' ;
An' the gallant was prood at the sicht o' the crood :
He had wauken'd John Tamson's toun !

They likit his pipe an' the soun',
They likit the change o' the tune ;
He play'd wi' mair strength, an' he play'd at mair length,
An' his revelry rang i' the toun !

Noo the cock o' John Tamson's toun,
Fra his perch i' the bougars aboon,
As sune as he heard the row i' the yaird,
He flew like auld Sautern doun !

On the tips o' his wings an' his taes
He flew as he never had flewn ;
He cam' round the closs wi' a fire an' a force,
An' he dang the adventurer doun !

Noo the gallant was siller an' black
That ventur'd to enter the toun ;
But the cock o' John Tamson had wecht an' had fecht,
And his colours were sulfur an' broun !

There was fire in the glance of his ee,
There was wrath in the kaim of his croun ;
And he ran in a raize, wi' his beard in a blaze,
And he dang the adventurer doun !

He gied him a dab and a stab,
An' cursed as he kickit him doun ;
When he rase i' the air, he coonter'd him there,
An' the yaird wi' his feathers was strewn !

Noo this fecht was a terrible fecht ;
The hens flew abeigh at the soun' ;
But the cock o' John Tamson had sherpness an' wecht,
An' he ca'd the adventurer doun !

He lay on his back in a swoon,
An' gaspit, but never cam' roun' ;
And that was the last o' the cock wi' his blast
That wauken'd John Tamson's toun.

The hen-wife was deaf, but she heard,
An' she cam' to her door at the soun',
An' there lay the siller-an'-black on his back,
An' there stude the sulfur-an'-broun !

Noo the fifteen hens aforesaid,
They mourn'd i' the neibourin' toun ;
But auld John Tamson feasted an' fed
An' leugh as he lickit his spoon.

L'envoi.

Noo whether ye're lord or a laird,
An' whether ye're cocklaird or loon,
I warnis ye a', tak' tent to my saw—
Haud aff o' John Tamson's toun !

TO AN ENTHUSIAST IN NATURAL HISTORY.

(A Hasty Epistle.)

O thou that kens the Pentland burn—
Its every jinkin' twist an' turn,
Fra whaur it lowps amang the fern
Abune Bonello
To whaur it cowps an' skails its urn
In Portobello—

Wi' ilka beast that near it bides,
The bee that bums, the brock that hides,
The craigit, leggit bird that wydes,
The beckin' craw,
Pheasans an' phœnixes besides—
Thou kens them a'!

Stand forth, an' tell the blear-e'ed loons
That study Nature i' the touns,
Or tak' a walk on efternoons
Fra scule or college,—
They haena i' their crackit crouns
One scrap o' knowledge !

Stand forth, thou Nature's single bairn !
Wha's mairch (when forth thou goes a-farin')
Is over muir an' mountain-cairn,
Whaur (news to hear !)
Doun like a condor comes the erne
An' snaps a deer !

Stand forth, thou Champion o' the Braid,
An' tell them that to ken their trade
They want the een—they want the head,
A far waur maitter !
An' *learn them a' to be a taed,*
Or follow Natur' !

Tell them that kestrels are but kites,
An' that the wee kingfisher skites,
An' houlets flie on frosty nights
Without a rustle,
An' puddocks bark, the bumbee bites,
An' oysters whustle !

An' tell them o' the muircock's flicht ;
An' that the heron's stilts are strecht,
An' that they fling them oot for wecht
To haud their balance ;
An' fawcons wi' their elbucks fecht,
To save their talons !

Lift up thy voice, an' cry again—
" It's facks we want for grown-up men ;
What signifies a fancy pen
If wantin' these ?
But let them be the facks *I* ken,
Or else they're lees ! "

Farewell, my bird-observin' billie!
Hae! here's my loof! I'm nocht illwillie;
Ye've roosed my style—gin I were silly
'T wad swell my heid!
But then, ye're aiblins no' sae skilly
As I wad need.

THE MIXING BARLEY.

COULD I win awa' fra the toilsome toun
For a short reprieve, or a parley,
I'd choose a week-en' wi' a braw full moon
At the time o' the mixing barley.
An' I'd mak' as straucht for the Lomon' Law
As the craw can flee, or n'arly,
An' refresh my soul, an' my sense ana',
Wi' a sicht an' a smell o' the barley.

I'm doilt a' day i' the dinsome toun,
Whaur a'thing gangs contrar'ly;
But at nicht, i' my bed, when I'm sleepin' soun',
I'm aff in a dream by Dumfarlie,
An' owre by Cleish to the cauler loch,
Whaur the troots are lowpin' rar'ly,
An' a wonderin' moon, wi' a gowden broch,
Glowers doun on the mixin' barley.

CRAIGIE GLEN.

THE hazel's in her simmer green ;
The waukenin' wud sae fair
Wi' honeysuckle and wi' gean—
It's oh that I was there !

I see as in a haunting dream
The white anemones
Dim-shivering by the dark glen-stream,
Amid the gloom of trees.

And boyhood's days dawn back again,
And boyhood's thoughts return,
As when I roamed in Craigie Glen,
And fished in Craigie burn.

Oh days o' joy, wi' little pain,
  Oh happy thoughts were these!
They come like fragrance o'er the brain,
  Or long-lost melodies.

How humble were the highest hopes
  That heaved my bosom then!
My gold was on the primrose slopes
  Wide-scattered through the glen!

A PARODIC LILT IN PRAISE OF DEVON.

("I travell'd among unknown men."—WORDSWORTH.)

I FISHED last simmer in the Ken,
I tried a cast on Dee ;
Nor, Devon, did I know till then
The debt I owe to thee.

It wasna that their barbèd wire
My galligaskins tore ;
That raucous keepers, red with ire,
Stood on their banks, and swore.

But such enjoyment there was nane,
As Devon anglers feel
When catchin' aye the tither ane,
An' pappin't i' the creel.

Thy voice is low, thy verdure rich,
Thy linns an' lands are free ;
An' thine, too, are the banks from which
I cuist my 'prentice flee !

A SPRING EVENING IN MILNATHORT.

(Temp. 1860.)

Now cottar folk bestir themselves,
And to the kailyairds mak' repair,
Whaur Davy till the darkenin' delves,
And smoulderin' runts perfume the air.

Noo plants are dibbled, seeds are sawn,
An' pickit earlies hauved an' set,
An' rizzar-busses backward drawn—
In bluidless crucifixion yet.

The grice is bocht, and in the cru'
He's tummled like a wee white moose ;
An' noo's the time, wi' clean wheat strae,
To mend the theekin' o' the hoose.

And noo, in open parley, meet
Our statesmen at the doup o' day,
Whyle, up and down, the dusky street
Echoes to bairnies at their play.

An' voices at the saft loan en'
Are mingling wi' the clank o' quoits ;
An' Jockie's whistle pleads for Jen',
An' Jenny's lauch her jo invites.

At last, into the hush of gloom,
The moon peeps out with timid air,—
As when Godiva from her room
Ventured, and lo ! the street was bare.

WARLD'S LOSS.

PLEASURE, and Wealth, and High-Esteem
  Are much by men regardit ;
For them we live, o' them we dream,—
  And how are we rewardit ?
The cup o' pleasure at the ee,
  It's seldom that we taste o't ;
We lose, whate'er our joys may be,
  And pleasure's loss the least o't.

Pleasure, and Wealth, and High-Esteem
  Are much by men regardit ;
For them we toil, for them we scheme,—
  And how are we rewardit ?
O glitterin' gowd, high up the brae !
  The glitter's aft the maist o't ;
We lose, whatever luck we hae,
  An' loss o' wealth the least o't.

Pleasure, and Wealth, and High-Esteem
  Are much by men regardit ;
For them we hope, at them we aim,—
  And how are we rewardit ?
O Fame is fitful as the wind,
  And we outlive the haste o't ;
We lose, whatever fame we find,
  And loss of fame the least o't.

But Faith, and Friendship, Love, and Truth,
  We lichtly have regardit ;
We left them as the toys o' youth,—
  And how are we rewardit ?
Ah, what we should have treasured up,
  We made a sinful waste o't ;
We've lost, whate'er the gains we grup,
  And Warld's loss the least o't.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

(A Scottish Version.)

O Thou wha high aboon the lift
With Holy Angels dwells,
Bring on the time when sune and swift
We'll hae Thee with oorsels ;
Where a' the races o' mankind
Shall gather and agree,
An' like a band o' bairns combine
Around their Father's knee.

To Thee we lift our hands for bread,
And pardon for our sins :
Drive off the evils that we dread,
Outwith us and within's :
Thine is the right to rule us a'
And Thine the power to save :
Plant in our hearts Thy heavenly law
And bless us with the lave.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

(A VERSION IN VERNACULAR OF THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.)

WITH pastures green a' throu' the year,
And water from the rock,
There's naething that we need to fear
Wi' Him to guard the flock.

He winna let us wander far,
Nor from His guidance stray;
At gloamin' He's our folding star,
An' leads us forth by day.

An' even tho' the storm descend,
An' Death an' Darkness lour,
He will His sheep an' lambs defend
Against the evil hour.

His call and crook will comfort us,
An' haud the wolf at bay,
And evermore victorious,
Protect us day by day.

Sweet Shepherd! Tho' at times the blast
Howl high aboon the plains,
Thou wilt conduct us safe at last
Where Peace eternal reigns.

LOOKING BACK.

COME out, come on, sweet summer sun !
Wi' smiles that once were mine,
Shine on the hill-taps, and beyon'
The lichts I kenned langsyne.

Then was the freedom o' the fit
That Fate to age denies,—
Wha noo beside the fire maun sit
And muse and moralise.

Alas ! the hopes of youthful time
Still point the future view ;
Our heaven was that same youthful prime
Once—and we never knew.

ON THE DECADENCE OF THE SCOTS LANGUAGE, MANNERS, AND CUSTOMS.

THEY'RE wearin' by, the guid auld times
O' Scottish rants and hamet rhymes,
In ilka biggin' said or sung
In the familiar mither tongue,
When lads and lasses were convenin'
Roun' the wide ingle at the e'enin'.

They're wearin' by, the guid auld days
O' simple faith an' honest phrase
Atween the maister an' the man
In ilka corner o' the lan',
When faithfu' service was a pleasour,
An' faithfu' servants were a treasour.

They're wearin' by, the guid auld lives
O' leal an' thrifty men an' wives ;
They're wearin' oot, the guid auld creeds
That met a simple people's needs ;
The auld Scots character an' laws
That made oor kintra what it was—
Esteemed at hame, envied abroad,
Honoured o' man an' loved o' God ;
Oor nationality, oor name,
Oor patriotic love for hame—
I 'maist could greet ; I can but sigh—
They're wearin' oot, they're a' gaun by !

The gude auld honest mither tongue !
They kent nae ither, auld or young ;
The cottar spak' it in his yaird,
An' on his rigs the gawcie laird.

Weel could it a' oor wants express,
Weel could it ban, weel could it bless ;
Wi' a' oor feelin's 'twas acquent,
Had words for pleasour an' complent ;
Was sweet to hear in sacred psalm
In simmer Sabbath mornin's calm ;

An' at the family exerceese,
When auld gudeman, on bended knees,
Wrastled as Jacob did langsyne
For favours temporal an' divine,
Hoo did its fervent accents roll
The load o' sin frae aff the soul!
Nae fine affeckit foreign soun',
Wi' frequent flexions up an' down,
But a straucht-for'at freeborn speech,
A manly tongue to learn or teach,
Whaur ilka say was to the point,
An' ilka word in ilka joint
Gruppit the sense it carried wi' 't,
An' stappit aff wi' decent speed—
An' ilka letter gat its due
The first page o' the Carritch thro',
An' ne'er a lisp was tolerated,
An' "lock" for "loch" like Sawtan hated,
An' aye the "r", tho' crank awee,
Gaed birlin' aff the mooth-ruif free.

It was as yauld an' bauld a tongue
As roun' the wa's o' Babel rung,

An' better rung, for plank or plaister ;
Nae doot its author was a maister—
At least a foresman—owre the people,
The masons at the muckle steeple,
An' swuir at lairge, an' dang'd and deyvled,
That awfu' oor the tongues were reyvled !
An' it had words were a' its ain ;
A gowlock was a gowlock thain ;
A soughin' wind amang the trees
Was bonnier than a gentle breeze ;
The shut o' day was aye the gloamin',
An' daunder was the word for roamin',
An' true was leal, an' loss was tyne,
An' long ago was auld langsyne.

Ye've heard, when May was new begun,
Amangs' the gress a peepin' wun'
That shook the blades an' swith awa' !
As saft a breath as bairn could blaw ;
Belyve it creepit owre the lee,
An' up an' sang upon the tree
A strain sae plaintive that to hear it
Ye thocht some disembodied speerit,

Frae heaven forwander't far its lane,
Was greetin' to win back again.

Anon it loupit to the wud,
An' like a wulbeast nane can hud,
Seiz'd on the patient pines an' tare
An' whirl'd their branches high in air,
An' raged an' roared fra' glade to glen
Till the haill wud, fra' en' to en',
Thro' a' its caves an' corners rung,
An' to the tempest rock'd an' swung,—
The cattle, moaning, fled the bield,
Th' umbrageous wud was wont to yield.

As wide could range the auld Scots tongue ;
'Twas meet alike for auld an' young,
For jest an' earnest, joy an' wae,
For cursin' an' caressin' tae.

'Twas gentlier at a hushaba
Than a wud-muffled waterfa',
Or cushats wi' their downie croon
Heard through a gowden afternoon,
Or streams that rin wi' liquid lapse,
Or wun's among the pine-tree taps.

'Twas sweet at a' times i' the mooth
O' woman moved wi' meltin' ruth ;
But oh ! when first love was her care,
'Twas bonnie far beyond compare.

'Twas mair sonorous than the Latin,
Cam' heavier on the hide o' Satan,
When frae his Ebal o' a poopit
The minister grew hearse an' roopit,
An' bann'd wi' energetic jaw
The author o' the primal fa'.
But if the poopit's sacred clangour
Was something aw'some in its anger,
Gude keep my Southlan' freen's fra' hearin'
A rouch red-headed Scotsman swearin' !

But wha would hae audacity
To question its capacity ?

The mither croon'd by cradle side,
Young Jockie woo'd his blushin' bride,
The bargain at the fair was driven,
The solemn prayer was wing'd to heaven,
The deein' faither made his will,
In gude braid Scots :

—A language still !

It lives in Freedom-Barbour's lines,
In bauld Dunbar it brichtly shines,
On Lyndsay's page like licht it streams,
In Border scraps it fitful gleams,
An' like the shimmerin' spunkie strays
By Ettrick banks an' Yarrow braes.

It lives for aye in Allan's play,
In Coila's sangs, the Shepherd's lay,
The bird-like lilts fra' Paisley side,
The Wizart's tales that flew sae wide,
Forbye the vast an' various lore
O' later ballants by the score :
The gude auld Scots !—a language still,
Let fortune vary as she will.
Though banish'd from oor College ha's,
It frames the siccar auld Scots laws ;
Though from the lips, of speech the portal,
It lives in Literature immortal.

But oh, alas ! the waefu' change,
The customs new, the fashions strange,
Sin' the auld patriarchal days
O sober thocht an' simple phrase !

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In thae auld days a heaven o' calm
Hung owre the kintra like a balm
That still'd the fractious fretfu' blude,
An' made a tranquil neighbourhude.
Ilk townie was a human fauld ;
The young grew up amang the auld,
An' learnt their ways, an' settled down
Contentit i' their native town.
The sergeant, whiles, sae brave an' braw,
Wad wile a flichty chiel' awa',
An' noo an' thain some book-lear'd birkie
Wad tak' a hankerin' for a kirkie ;
But few they were to cities ran ;
The village was a family than,
Where ilka housie was a hame,
An' ilka bairnie kent by name.
Nor think it was a humdrum life,
A lang-continued labour'd strife,
Withouten stop frae Yule to Yule
For the bare wants o' milk an' meal.
Ilk cottar had his ain bit land
He labour'd wi' an eident hand,
Afore the meikle farms came in,
Like Pharaoh's cattle lank an' thin,

An' swallow'd up—it's e'en a sair joke—
The bien bit crofties o' the puir folk.
Oh, wae the day the puir man tint it,
His cot an' pendicle ahint it!
Tho' short his boonds, an' small his gain,
A BIT O' SCOTLAND was his ain.
What better guard or guarantee
O' patriot love or loyaltie,
Amang the common kintra cless—
The kintra's mainstey in distress—
What stauncher safeguard could ye get
Than the auld crofter system yet?

That neuk o' Scotland's auld gray plaid
Was his—his shelter an' his shade;
An' jealous was he of his corner,
Quick to resent the scoff of scorner,
An' ready for his richt to stand
As ony lordling in the land.

Nae tourin' schemes o' foreign gain
Ayont the wide Atlantic main,
Nae sinfu' thochts o' wild ambition
Garr'd him despise his low condition;

His twa-'ree acres delv'd an' plantit,
He whistled, and was weel-contentit.

An' then the simple plays an' ploys,
The healthfu' games an' hamely joys—
A present pleasour to the mind,
That left nae efter-sting behind.
The time were surely idly spent
To speak o' preachin's fra' the tent,
O' kirns an' foys an' penny-waddin's,
An' back-en' midnicht masqueraddin's ;
An' Hallowe'en sae blythe an' merry,
An' the daft days o' Janiwary ;
An' pranks an' plays at Beltantide,
An' mony frolics mair beside.
And auld-warld cracks an' eldritch stories
O' wizart caves an' haunted corries ;
An' eerie tales o' water-witches,
That to the foord decoyed puir wretches ;
An' lang accounts o' doughty deeds,
By heroes wroucht in warrior weeds
For puir auld Scotland's honoured sake
In days when Freedom was at stake.

Then chiefly in the lang forenicht
Was tauld the tale o' Wallace wicht,
Hoo like a lion roused he rose,
An' rush'd on his insulting foes ;
Before his glance like deer they fled—
Behind him lay a line of dead—
Till, breathless from the chase at length,
He sought the woods to gather strength,
Whence, issuing ever and again,
He bled an' battled to the en'.
An' here the tale would tak' a turn
To Robert Bruce o' Bannockburn ;
How through the lang eventfu' strife,
Ere glory crooned his later life,
He rather chose the woods an' caves
Wi' freedom an' his band o' braves
Than sit upon a silken seat,
An' wear a crown at Edward's feet.

Or aiblins that daft lassie, SANG,
Would slip unseen amang the thrang
O' lads an' lassies busy jokin'
Roun' the wide ingle at the rokin'—

Tho' snaw-white was the robe she wore,
An' strung wi' gold the harp she bore,
She mair than tholed the reek an' coom—
The auld clay biggin' was her hame!
She micht hae sat in city ha's,
An' listened to refined applause;
But dearer to her heart the cot,
The kintra, an' the puir man's lot.

She sang to children o' the soil
The dignity of honest toil,
The independence o' the mind,
An' better days for a' mankind.

She sang o' love and youthfu' joys,
O' friendship's frank an' social noise,
An' toasted in her moods o' glee
Scotland wi' a' the honours three.

She sang auld Scotland's broomy knowes,
Her tourin' hills where heather grows,
Her scroggy glens to memory dear,
Her burnies wimplin' thro' them clear.

She flang owre cairn o' mountain stane
Familiar wi' the midnicht's maen,

Owre moory monumental fiel',
Owre river wi' its ruin'd peel,
A beauty mair than sun could gi'e,
Or blue-bells noddin' bonnilie

The glamour o' the vanish'd past
On bare forsaken scenes she cast,—
The licht o' lang-descendit suns,
The wail o' lang-exhaustit wun's,
The shouts o' heroes in the dust,
The gleam o' glaives noo red wi' rust.

At ither times, late i' the gloamin',
When wun's aroon' the wa's were roamin'—
Like warl'y cares aroond a mind
To heaven's high will serene resigned—
While slept the heavy-laboured young,
And owre the fire the auld folk hung,
A holy radiance would illume
The cottage wi' a gowden bloom,
And i' the midst would seem to stand
Wi' peacefu' olive in her hand,
A matron of supernal air—
RELIGION was the name she bare.

Nae mere emotional face had she,
But a clear intellectual e'e,
From whilk the Truth, as from a dookit
Or open lattice-window, lookit.

Her lips, o' gracefu' curve divine,
Had that placidity of line
Whose sweet severity alway
Repels the rude and awes the gay.

Hie was her broo an' fair to see—
A temple of serenitie,
On whilk a glance how short soe'er
Dispelled the momentary fear,
An' gave the heart a lively sense
Of lasting peace an' confidence.

She spake wi' calmness o' the grave
As of an entrance-gate that gave,
Withouten tax of man or toll,
Admission to the ransom'd soul—
Admission purchased wi' a price,
To the fair fields of paradise.

Her teaching nourished hopes sublime
Beyond the dreams of earth or time ;
Before their brilliance paled away
Sceptres an' swords of widest sway,
The flashing crown, the purpled robe,
The glory of a conquer'd globe.

Nor less the splendour of a name
Hailed by a wondering world's acclaim,
For triumphs nobler than the sword's,
Achieved by noiseless thochts an' words
In the much wider world of mind,
Unenvied fell their hopes behind

The boast of rank, the pride of state,
The airs and orders of the great ;
The curtain'd cushion'd coach an' bed,
The prancing steeds, the banners spread ;
The flash, the glitter, an' the glare,
The bress, the gless, the trumpet blare—
What were they but a toom pretence,
The fleeting shapes an' shows of sense ?

Not more enduring by a day
Than the puir cottar's hodden gray,
His staff, his bannet, an' his plaid,
The sweaty emblems of his trade,
His horny luif, his thristly soil,
His back sair bent wi' lifelong toil,
His bitter cares, his vexin' crosses,
His disappointments, pains, an' losses.

Wi' a' their prizes, a' their pains,
Their petty losses, paltry gains,
Th' allotted threescore years an' ten—
What were they after a' to men
Whase view of human life was less
A tent life in a wilderness
Than a short passage owre a muir
To mansions waitin' them secure ?

Present abasement they could bide,
Sustained by an immortal pride ;
For were they not the absent heirs
Of heaven, predestinated theirs ?—
The exiled children journeyin' hame
Of a great Prince of powerfu' name ?

Yea, were they not upon the road
Princes and priests disguised of God ?

The present age, I maun alloo,
Is wide an' cultured in its view,
Keen to spy oot, an' quick to damn
The hoar hypocrisy an' sham
That in the silent growth o' years
Covers wi' superstitious fears
Forms that express the noblest truth
That ever cam' fra' human mouth,—
As ye have seen the lichen hide
The ootlines o' the sculptor's pride.

But, oh ! I canna but lament
The slackenin' o' a' restraint
Halesome to social life ; but chief
The rootin' up o' a' belief
In life on earth to heaven translated,
In God, and man as God-created ;
Nor least that reverential tone
Of oor grave elders changed or gone.

Others there are, but these the chief—
License, irreverence, unbelief—
Evils that follow in the train
Of forms exposed and held as vain,
Tho' cherished long, to suit the gentry
Of this omniscient nineteen cent'ry.

In thae auld days noo on the wing,
In thae auld ways I've tried to sing,
Thus were the youth o' Scotland reared,
An' Scotland's ancient name revered.

Dear were her mountains, knocks, an' knowes,
Her fells an' forests, haughs an' howes—
Not for their natural beauty only,
Or grandeur, lofty, grim, an' lonely,
But for they were an heritage
Bequeathed intact from age to age
By men wha bocht them wi' their blude,
An' battled for them rude by rude.

Thus were those feelings kept alive
That still for independence strive
Against a power that would control
Freedom o' body, mind, or soul.

Thus, too, the passion was begot
That Scotsman feels for brither Scot
When they amang the frem'd forgaither,
Tho' perfect strangers to ilk ither ;
For they were rear'd on common fare,
An' breathed the same wild mountain air,
Their hearts wi' mutual memories glowed,
Their blude wi' kindred instincts flowed,
Their sympathies in common ran,
Their likes an' dislikes were at wan.

But wae befa' the weary toun !
It brought the sad reverse aroun',
An' lowsed the tender social ties
In whilk a nation's vigour lies.
It like a black-wambed speeder flang
Its telegraphic wires alang
The fields where rural industry,
Maist like an unambitious bee
Contentit wi' a modest spoil,
Had humm'd sae happy at its toil.

It laid its lines o' iron doun,
An' sallied forth wi' clatterin' soun',

Wi' puff an' snort an' startlin' shriek,
Envelop'd in a cludd o' smeek—
To scare the little folks awa',
To bleck wi' coom the greenwud shaw,
To fill the youthfu' peasant breast
Wi' discontentment and unrest,
An' drag sweet Innocence within
The city's whirlin' gulf o' sin.

A panic owre the kintra spread,
To towns the simple peasants sped,
Where, disappointed in their dreams,
They listened to the wildest schemes,
An' crossed the ocean faem to find
Nae hame like what they left behind.

O then was heard by foreign streams
The exile's wail owre vanished dreams ;
An' nichtly to their dashing wave
Perhaps some banish'd bard would rave—
The blindin' saut tear in his e'e—
O' bonnie Doon or banks o' Dee.

The lesser venturesome that steyed,
Gaed wanderin' thro' the kintra wide—
Here for a year, an' there for twa,
Where flittin' fortune seem'd to ca'.

O thou accursed lust o' gain,
For whilk we madly strive an' strain,
What offerings on thine altar laid,
What sacrifices maun be made!

And a' for what? It's no' in gear—
It's no' in cent per cent per year—
It's no' in gowd although we hed it—
The wise can see't, the rich hae said it—
It's no' in mountain heaps o' wealth
To purchase happiness an' health!

But what avails this lang oration,
This pleadin' an' expostulation?
Oh, Ichabod! The better plan
Were just to end as I began—
To note the waefu' change, an' cry
The guid auld times are a' gaun by!

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GLOSSARY.

Abee (*let*), let be ; leave alone.
Abeigh, aloof.
Aboon, abune, above.
Ahint, behind.
Aiblins, possibly.
Ain, own.
Airtin', making towards.
Ajee, awry.
Amaist, almost.
Anent, concerning.
Aneu', enough.
Antern, occasional.
Athraw, awry.
Aucht, possession ; eight.
Aumry, cupboard.
Aury, Andrew.
Ayont, beyond.

Back-en', autumn.
Ballant, ballad.
Bam, joke.
Band an' weepers, signs of mourning.
Bannet, bonnet.
Bannock, barley cake.
Barley-bree, whisky.
Bawbees, halfpence.
Beas', beasts.
Beeskep, beehive.
Begoud, began.
Belyve, by-and-by.
Bere, barley.
Bicker, drinking-vessel.
Bield, shelter, or resting-place.
Bien, prosperous.
Bigg, build.
Biket, swarmed (like bees).
Billies, lads, or brothers.
Birkie, a lively youth.
Birlin', spinning.
Birse, bristle.
Black-a-viced, dark complexioned.
Boo, bow.
Bougars, rafters.
Braw, attractive ; finely dressed.
Braw an' fine, clever and serviceable.
Brawly, well enough.
Brechan, horse-collar.
Brent (*new brent*), brand new.
Brere, braird, show above ground.
Broch, halo.
Brock, badger.
Broose, race (at country weddings).
Browst, liquor made at a brewing.
Bruckit, tear-stained ; dirty.
Buchtit, sheltered.
Buckie, snail-shell.
Bude, behoved.
Buirdly, stout and stalwart.
Bu'k, bulk.
Bur'al sang, elegy.
Burn-the-wind, a blacksmith.
Burrowstoun, borough town.
But-an'-ben, kitchen and parlour.

Ca', drive ; call.

Callan', lad.
Caller, cool and clean.
Canty, cheerful.
Carle, old fellow.
Carritch, catechism.
Cauldrife, always cold.
Caulker, glass of whisky.
Caup, bowl, or cup.
Chaft, jaw.
Chancy, safe.
Chap, knock.
Chappin, chopin, an old liquid measure.
Chiel', young fellow.
Cog, dish ; bowl.
Coom, soot.
Core, band.
Couthie, comfortable.
Cowp, overturn.
Cracks, talks freely and familiarly.
Craigit, long-necked.
Croon, head.
Croose, lively.
Cru', pig-stye.
Cuissen, cast off.
Cuist, cast.
Cuit, ankle.
Cule, cool.

'd, *'t*, it.
Dad, dash.
Daffin', sporting.
Dargin', toiling.
Dambuird, draught-board.
Deaved, deafened.
Deep, sound.
Deevil's books, playing-cards.
De'il hae't ! Devil have it !
Deval, cease.
Dicht, to wipe.
Ding, beat.
Dink, trim ; proud.
Divots, sods.
Doilt, made stupid with fatigue.
Doin' (E'en be), just put up.
Doited, silly.
Doo, dove.
Dooce, quiet.
Dook, duck ; bathe.
Dookit, dovecot.
Door, obstinate.
Douf an' dowie, dull and dispirited.
Doup, end.
Doverin', dosing.
Draigon, paper kite (reference to Franklin's device).
Dree, endure ; fulfil.
Dreel, drill.
Dreigh, slow.
Drookin', drenching.
Drouthy, dry.
Drow, trance.
Drumly, cloudy.
Dub, puddle.
Dung to stavers, knocked to staves, or pieces.

Ee-bree, eyebrow.
Eerie, weird.
Eident, industrious.
Eild, old age.
Eldritch, unearthly.
Elbucks, elbows.
Erne, eagle.
Ettled, aimed.
Etyn, used here as meaning imp.

Fain, willing.
Fang, grip.
Fash, trouble.
Fashious, difficult to please.
Feckless, pithless.
Feckly, mostly.
Feerin', measurement of the rigs preparatory to ploughing.
Fend, endeavour.
Fere, companion.
Fess, fetch.
Fend (*make a*), manage somehow.
Feursday, Thursday.
Flichterin', rapid but unsteady.
Fog, moss.
Forbye, besides.
Forfoughen', exhausted after severe exertion.
Fornenst, opposite to.
Fou', *fu'*, full.
Freit, bad omen.
Frem'd, strange.

Furr, furrow.
Futher, fodder.

Gab, mouth.
Gad, goad, or rod.
Gairie, wild bee.
Gang, go (die).
Gangerel, wanderer.
Gantress, wooden support on which a cask is placed for broaching.
Gar, compel.
Gate o't, way of it.
Gavle, gable.
Gawcie, jolly.
Gean, wild cherry.
Geizen'd, shrunk with drought.
Geizen'd gills, dry mouths.
Gey, rather ; very.
Gibbles, tools.
Gien, given.
Gif, or *gin*, if.
Girnin', grinning.
Gleg, sharp ; nimble.
Gley'd, squinting.
Glower, fixed look.
Govin', startled.
Gowan, daisy.
Gowk, cuckoo.
Gowlock, beetle.
Gowpenfu', two hands full.
Graith, gear.
Grauvat, cravat.
Greet, drop a tear.
Greybeard, jar of whisky.
Grice, pig.
Grieve, foreman.
Growf, stomach.
Grozer-busses, gooseberry bushes.
Grup, grip.
Guizer, masquerader (at Hogmanay).

Ha', hall.
Haill, whole.
Hairst, harvest.
Haiver, absurdity.
Hamet, homely.
Hap, cover.
Haud, or *hauld*, hold.
Head, sum total.
Headrig, the strip of land on which the plough turns.
Heat your house, be of service at your house-warming.
Herds an' hinds, shepherds and ploughmen.
Hielant horn, a larger glass.
Hirsel, flock.
Hiz, us ; also has.
Hoast, cough.
Hogger, an old stocking used as a purse.
Hogmanay, festival of 31st December.
Hoolie ! take time.
Horn, drinking-cup.
Howff, haven ; haunt.
Howk, dig.
Hummelt, wanting horns.
Hundit, hounded.
Huz, us.

Ilka, each.
In the weather, exposed to the weather.
Intil, into.
I' the nick, at the precise moment.
Izzet, zigzag ; like the letter Z in shape.

Jalouse, suspect.
Jimp, slender.
Jinkit, eluded.
Jo, dear ; joy.
John Fla'el, John Flavel, a theological writer.
Jouk, escape by ducking from.
Jorum, a large whisky measure.

Keekin', peeping.
Keep mind, remember.
Ken, know.
Kintra, country.
Kirkyaird granite, a tombstone.
Kist, chest.
Kite, belly.
Knock-wud, hill-wood.
Kye, cows.
Kyloes, Highland cattle.
Kythe, make known ; show.

Laich, laigh, low.
Laund (*mair*), greater width between the furrows, as *mair earth* means greater depth of furrow. The result is gained by a slight displacement of the sock—horizontal in the former case, vertical in the latter.
Lave (*the*), the rest.
Law, hill-top.
Lead, a waggon-load (of corn).
Leal, loyal.
Leeve, live.
Leeze me on, I like : *lief,* (dear) is to me.
Leglen, milk-pail with a straight handle.
Leugh, laughed.
Levin, lightning.
Ley, grass land.
Liefu' lane, self alone (left).
Lift, the sky.
Likly, likely.
Lilt, chant.
Limmer, a wild reckless female ; a rascal.
Lintie, linnet.
Lippin', brimming.
Loof, palm of hand.
Loon, fellow.
Looten, let.
Lords by whylies—i.e., occasionally, such as judges, justices, &c.
Loutit, stooped.
Lowin', flaming.
Lown, lone and still.
Lowp, leap.
Lowse, loose.
Lug, ear.
Lum, chimney.

Maen (*no' to*), not to be moaned for ; not to be pitied.
Mak' o't, match of it.
Makkars, poets.
Mantit, spoke with impediment ; stammered.
Maskin', infusing.
Maun, must.
May, young woman.
Meikle, big.
Melder, a measure for the mill.
Mendit, reformed.
Mensefu', respectable.
Mirk, darkness.
Miss'd the gauger, eluded the excise.
Mixing, becoming yellow.
Moodiewart, moldwarp ; mole.
Muckle, big.
Muil in, to curry favour.
Murlin', crumbling.
Murnins, mournings.
Mutch, kind of cap.
Mutchkin, a measure of four gills.

Naig, naigie, horse.
Neb, nose.
Neeps, turnips.
Never oot o' bit, remaining in one place.
Nice-gabbit, ill to please with food and drink.
Nickit (*knife*), notched knife ; saw.
Nippit, parsimonious.
Nowte, cattle.

Ocht, aught.
On-ding, driving or beating on.
Orra, odd.

Packie, the packman.
Parley, talk with friends.
Pat on, clothed.
Peat reek, turf smoke ; whisky.
Pechan, breathing heavily.
Peerie, top.
Pendicle, small bit of land.
Pig, crock ; earthenware dish ; basin.
Ploy, game ; prank.
Plumm, deep still pool.
Poussie Nancy's, some low ale- and lodging-house.
Pouther, powder.
Pow, poll ; head.
Pree, taste.

Preen, pin.
Pushin' wubbs, webs wanted as soon as possible.
Pyot, magpie.

Quaich, a drinking-cup.
Quat, quitted.
Qwine, girl.

Rair, roar.
Raize, fury.
Ree, sensibly excited with drink.
Reek, smoke.
Reenge the ribs, poke the fire.
Remeid, remedy.
Rig, ridge.
Rizzar-busses, red-currant bushes.
Rokin', spinning.
Roop, to croak.
Roosed, cried up.
Rouch, plentiful.
Row, roll.
Rowans, mountain-ashes or their berries.
Rowth, abundance.
Rug, tear ; pull.
Rung, a cudgel.
Runts, cabbage-stalks.

Sair, severe, or very much.
Sair comedoon, sore humiliation.
Sandy (Auld), Satan.
Sark, shirt.
Saund, or *Elec*, Alexander.
Scart, scratch.
Scoog, shelter.
Scowthered, burnt.
Screed, tear.
Shairds, shreds.
Shanks naigie (*to drive*), to walk.
Shaw, wild wood.
Shilpit, meagre ; emaciated.
Shool, shovel.
Shore, threaten ; offer.
Sic, such.
Siccar, sure.
Siller, silver ; money.
Silly, weak ; unsuspecting ; confiding.
Sin' syne, since then.
Skails, or *skells*, disperses.
Skelp, resounding slap ; splash ; extent.
Skilly, competent.
Skirlin', screaming.
Skirtit, made off.
Skites, skates.
Sklent, glance.
Slae, sloe.
Slaister, mess.
Slap, gap in fence.
Smeek, smoke.
Smoory, smothering.
Smuggled, illicitly distilled.
Sneck, latch.
Snod, tidy.
Snoove, to walk quietly and steadily onwards.
Sooback, an old wife's cap.
Soom, swim.
Soop, sweep.
Soughin', sighing.
Sowp, sup.
Spang, jump.
Spatties (spotties), trout.
Speel, climb.
Speir, ask.
Spleuchan, pouch (for tobacco).
Sprattle, scramble.
Spunkie, Will-o'-the-wisp.
Stappit, stepped.
Steer, stir.
Stend, bound.
Stirk, steer.
Stogs, teeth.
Stookit, set up in ricks.
Stoor, dust ; strong ; stern.
Stoup, tall narrow pail (for holding water).
Stown, stolen.
Stravaigin', wandering.
Streek, stretch.
Styme, particle.
Sumph, fool.
Sune than syne, early than late.
Sweir, loth.
Swith, swift.
Swither, hesitation.
Switin', sweating.
Syne, then or since.

Tack, lease.

Taed, a toad.
Tak' tent, take care.
Tak' the gress, fall to the ground.
Taks the tide, sets sail.
Tane, took, or taken.
Tangles, icicles.
Tappit-hen, big bottle of three quarts.
Tapsalteeries, topsy-turvy.
Tate, tuft.
Telt, told.
Tenty, careful.
Theckin', thatch.
Thie, thigh.
Thirled, bound (said of customers to a mill).
Thole, endure.
Thrapple, throat.
Thraw'd, turned away crossly; *thraw*, to twist.
Tig, a game of touch.
Tint, lost.
Tint their tale, forgotten their history.
Tod, or *todlowrie*, a fox.
Toom, or *tume*, empty.
Tousie, unkempt.
Towled, toiled.
Towmont, twelvemonth.
Trauchled, draggled.
Trig, spruce; neat.
Trokin', dealing.
Trons, weigh-houses; weighing-machines.
Twyns, separates; robs.
Tyke, dog.

Unco, uncommon.

Veshel, vessel.

Wair, or *ware*, spend, also utilise.
Wale, or *wile*, pick; choice.
Wanter, one on the outlook for a wife.
Warstle, wrestle; struggle.
Wast o' England, broadcloth.
Water-folk, teetotallers.
Waught, a big drink.
Waukrife, wakerife.
Wauk the nicht, lie awake all night.
Weans, little children.
Weird, destiny.
Wha's aucht, who owns.
Whaup, curlew.
Wheen, a quantity.
Whid, fib.
Whilk, which.
Whip o' dearth, sudden emergency.
Whummle, to tumble over; to turn heavily upside down.
Wiel, a well, or pool.
Wime, belly.
Win, reach.
Woo, or *oo*, wool.
Won, dwell.
Wud, wild; mad; also wood.
Wulbeast, a maddened horse or ox.
Wuss, wish.
Wydes, wades.
Wyle, choose.
Wyte, blame.

Yaffin', barking.
Yap, eager; hungry.
Yaukin', aching.
Yauld, active; alert.
Yetlan', iron.
Yett, gate.
Yill, ale.
Yird, *yearth*, earth.
Yowe, ewe.

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